

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1342.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1842.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Autobiography of Joseph Lister, of Bradford in Yorkshire; to which is added a contemporary Account of the Defence of Bradford, and Capture of Leeds by the Parliamentarians in 1642. Edited by Thos. Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c., of Trin. College, Cambridge. London, J. R. Smith.

The volume of which the above is the title is curious in several respects: 1st, as shewing us the spirit, tenets, and manners, of the early Nonconformists; 2dly, as minutely describing some remarkable affairs belonging to the civil wars; and 3dly, as throwing a light upon the general habits of a particular class of the inhabitants of England two hundred years ago. From it we shall copy a few illustrations of these points. We begin with the writer's non-conformist opinion "how that uncivil war that shed so much English blood was brought about. King Charles the First, then upon the throne, to say nothing of his own wicked disposition, did by the constant solicitation of the bloody queen, together with the swarms of Jesuits, and evil-affected counsellors, bishops, and men of great estate, place, and trust, all put their heads together to destroy Christ's interest in the nation, and betray their trust every way, to the utter ruin and overthrow of religion, and to cut off the lives of all the Protestants, and so have enslaved this land to Rome, the mother of harlots, whose kingdom is established by blood. These things being so plain to be seen, that he must be blind that did not see it; all the king's actions, both at home and abroad, shew, and particularly his dissolving of parliaments time after time, when they did but touch upon these things, as some of the bold seeing men did year after year; so now there seemed to be no hope or help left for England, but that it must shortly be destroyed, as Ireland was, by a bloody rebellion. About this time God put it into the hands of the good people of Scotland; foreseeing the ruin that was hastening upon England, and knowing it could not long go well with them if we were once destroyed, but they and what was dear to them must be sacrificed next; upon which they two several times came into England, to Newcastle, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, with a considerable army, upon design to prevent our ruin; upon which an army was raised in England to go and fight with them, and upon what terms they returned home again the first time I cannot tell; but, however, they came again shortly, and a great army was raised and went to meet them. The king also went in person, and a great number of the noblemen, bishops, and gentlemen, in great fury, with design to fight with, and suppress them. What they propounded and required, I know not; but I remember it was said the English army were not very fully resolved to engage; so a parley was proposed and accepted, and the treaty was concluded, to see if peace could be gained, and the Scots sent home quietly again; and after a long debate, it was concluded that upon several conditions the Scottish general should deliver up the towns that they were possessed of, and march his army in peaceable manner into Scotland, and there disband them;

and one of the conditions on the king's part was, that he should in a few days issue out his writs for a free parliament, which should consider of, and in an honourable manner conclude all matters of difference and dissatisfaction, especially all in the manner of misdemeanours, or ill-government by any evil counsellors and ministers of state. So both the armies did withdraw; and that being blown over, though variously resented as persons stood affected to religion and the cause of Christ, in the next place the king, according to the previous condition, did call a parliament, who had not sat long before they presented an humble address, or petition, that, seeing his majesty had given his subjects some cause of discontent by his so often dissolving of parliaments, they begged his majesty would be pleased to sign an act that they might sit as long as they pleased, without being dissolved, which was granted, and therein (as God ordered it) they got the staff out of his hand, which he could never get again."

And having got the power, their friend and ally informs us how they used it. "Well (says he) they presently began to fall upon ministers of state; and calling evil counsellors in question, still laying all misgovernment at the door of his bad counsellors and ministers of state, they clapped up some wicked bishops, deacons, and prelates, and tried them for their lives, and executed them; and also some great statesmen. I remember one above the rest called Lord Wentworth, he had several titles, as Earl of Strafford, &c.; he was said to be one of the greatest politicians in England: it was thought he had but hard measure, being (as was said) condemned by a law then to make; for though he was guilty of many crimes, yet no one of them alone would cut him off; therefore they made an act that two such crimes put together should be high treason; but then the main difficulty was, to get his execution signed, which the king long refused; but the house being resolved to have him down, they pressed the king till he was pleased to sign it (which he repented to his dying day), so they cut him off; which being done, the house did order that the act by which Lord Wentworth was beheaded should not be brought into example. This seemed an odd thing to be done by a parliament: there were many things in evil case, and the house acted so as did not please the king; and there were some few wise, bold, and resolute men, that now feared no colours; and they had a great influence upon the rest in the House of Commons; and this his majesty knew full well, and had an evil eye upon them, and by some means it got out that the king intended to go with a guard to the house, and apprehend them. He did go; but when he came there, and had looked all over the house, he saw the birds had gone wing, and were gone; so he told the house he came in that manner to impeach and carry away by force the five members that he named, and so went away; but, however, the house justified them, and complained of the king's breach of the privileges of parliament. So the king required a guard for his person, pretending to be in fear; and the city offered the parliament a guard also to defend them, there being

such swarms of bloody papists all over the city, and continually walking about the parliament-house; so that the difference between the king and the house increased every day. The king being grieved and full of fury that things went so contrary to his desires and the desires of his bosom friends and favourites, he now withdrew himself, and went and resided at Hampton Court, and would but seldom admit of addresses or petitions to return to his parliament; and at last away he goes, and takes a great swarm of gentry, clergy, Jesuits, and wicked papists, that were ill-affected, and the two princes, and comes to York; but had not long been there before the Yorkshire gentlemen, and others, resolved to go and petition him to return to his parliament, which they did; but not being well received, and there being such vast numbers of wicked and bloody papists about him, with arms, riding up and down, swearing and cursing like so many devils, the petitioners being naked men, and suspecting the issue, withdrew, and got away, being yet more increased in their fears for the end of these things. Then the king went to Hull; and when he came there, the gates were shut against him, the parliament having sent one Sir John Hotham to be governor for them; the king called, and commanded him to open the gates, that he might come in; but Hotham, kneeling upon the wall, told his majesty he could not do that, and be faithful to the parliament, who had commissioned him to the contrary; so his majesty departed in a rage at the disappointment of his design; and away he marches to Nottingham, and there he set up his standard, and proclaimed war against the parliament, which occasioned them to take up arms in their own defence—for now no way was left but to decide the difference by the sword, by which very much blood was shed all over the kingdom; and in this war it so fell out that fathers and sons, and many brothers, fought one against another, till many families were quite ruined. In this war Bradford was deeply engaged; the generality of the town and parish, and the towns about, stood up for the parliament, and it was made a little garrison; and though it was not easy to keep, yet they threw up bulwarks about it; and the inhabitants were firm to the cause, and to one another, to the very taking of the town."

The Bradford warlike episode is told with the quaintest circumstantiality, and is an account of great interest; but we can only find room for a part of it.

"At last little army was formed, and got to the works and centries; but Sir Thomas Fairfax was forced another way, and so got to Halifax, with those few horse he had left, and he came to Bradford the next day, whose coming did greatly hearten the soldiers in the town; but, alas, their joy was but short—the enemies were encamped at Bowling Hall, so near the town on that side of it, that they planted some of their guns against the town, and some against the steeple, and gave it many a sad shake. The townsmen had hung wool-packs at the side of the steeple, and they cut the cords with their spiteful shot, and shouted full loudly when the pack fell down. But on the Lord's-day

morning they beat a drum for a parley; and all that day (during the parley) they spent in removing their guns, just against the heart of the town, and into the mouth of it, into that end of the town called Good-Man-End, and also brought their army, both horse and foot, round about the town, no way being left of making their escape, and but few men in the town, and most of the arms and ammunition being either lost or left at Adwalton, and no match but what was made of untwisted cords dipped in oil. And about the going down of the sun the parley broke up, and off goes their guns before the inhabitants were aware; and at the first shot they killed three men sitting on a bench; and all that night it was almost as light as day with so many guns firing continually. So in the dead of the night the captains were called, and a council sat to resolve what was best to be done; it was presently resolved that the soldiers should be told they must all shift for themselves, only the officers were resolved to make a desperate adventure of breaking through the enemies' army at the upper end of the town, and all that were willing might forthwith repair thither. But because my lord had no garrison nearer than Hull, and no use could be made of their arms for want of match and powder, he would not command the soldiers to go along with him, but leave them to their own choice what to do; for he saw they could no longer keep the town; and so they did, and broke through, and made their way by dint of sword, and so got away towards Hull. And among the rest my godly master, Mr. Sharp, was one that broke through; and yet, he having no mind to go so far as Hull, he then left the army, and took toward Lancashire, and got that day to a town called Coln, where he stayed some time. But oh! what a night and morning was that in which Bradford was taken! what weeping and wringing of hands! none expecting to live any longer than till the enemies came into the town, the Earl of Newcastle having charged his men to kill all, man, woman, and child, in the town, and to give them all Bradford quarter, for the brave Earl of Newport's sake. However, God so ordered it, that before the town was taken, the earl gave a different order, (viz.) that quarter should be given to all the townsmen. It was generally reported that something came on the Lord's-day night, and pulled the clothes off his bed several times, and cried out, with a lamentable voice, 'Pity poor Bradford!' that then he sent out his orders that neither man, woman, nor child, should be killed in the town; and that then the apparition which had so disturbed him left him, and went away; but this I assert not as a certain truth; but this is true, that they slew very few in the town. Some desperate fellows wounded several persons, that died of their wounds afterwards; but I think not more than half a score were slain; and that was a wonder, considering what hatred and rage they came with against us. But we were all beholding to God, who tied their hands, and saved our lives.'

Lister rides off to convey some information to his party with one David Clarkson; and their adventure, as very simply recited, is worthy of record.

"Away we went; and I led him to a place called the Sill-bridge, where a foot-company was standing: yet I think they did not see us; so we ran on the right hand of them, and then waded over the water; and hearing a party of horse come down the lane towards the town, we laid us down in the side of the corn, and they perceived us not. It being about daybreak, we staid here as long as we durst for being

discovered, it beginning to be light. Well, we got up, and went in the shade of the hedge; and then looking about us, and hoping to be past the danger of the leaguer, we took to the highway, intending to go to a little town called Clayton: and having waded over the water, we met with two men that were troopers, and who had left their horses in the town, and hoped to get away on foot; and now they and we walked together, and hoped we had escaped all danger; and all on a sudden a man on horseback from towards the beacon had espied us, and came riding towards us; and we, like poor affrighted sheep, seeing him come fast towards us, with a drawn sword in his hand, we foolishly kept together, and thought to save ourselves by running. Had we scattered from one another, he had but got one of us. We all got into a field; he crossed the field and came to us: and as it pleased God, being running by the hedge-side, I espied a thick holly tree; and thought perhaps I might hide myself in this tree, and escape; so I crept into it, and pulled the boughs about me, and presently I heard them cry out for quarter. He wounded one of them, and took them all prisoners, and said, 'There were four of you, where is the other?' but they knew not, for I being the last and least of them was not missed; so he never looked after me more: but I have often thought since, how easily we might have knocked him down, had we but had courage; but, alas! we had none."

We seldom meddle with religious topics; but a brief exposition of the doctrines connected with the worldly affairs of this sect at the time cannot fail to be read with attention and amusement.

"I remember one exercise-day at Halifax; I was hearing one Mr. Briscoe preach from that scripture in the 1st Peter, ii. 12, last clause: 'that they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.' He laid down this doctrine—that all persons that live under the Gospel have a day of gracious visitation: and he said this is but a day, and may be lost, and if once lost, all the angels in heaven and saints upon earth could not help that soul; and to prove this truth, he brought that scripture in the 15th Jeremy, 1st: 'Then said the Lord unto me, Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be towards this people.' This fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I went home with a troubled heart. And whose case can this be but mine? thought I; and if God's mind cannot be towards me, I am undone for ever: and in this state I remained many a long day. The time of my apprenticeship was now just out; and I went and tabled with one Isaac Platts about two years, and traded for myself; and my soul-trouble began to wear off, as I was taken up with other things. It so fell out that my master's daughter and I had formed a connexion, with my master's approbation; and having entertained an affection for her, it took up too much of my time. This circumstance, together with my mother's disapprobation of the match,—and especially my fears that she would prove too much like her mother, who was a woman of the most frozen, ill-contrived temper that I think I ever knew—always fretting and quarrelling with my master, who was, surely, a man of the most sweet and obliging behaviour that could be imagined; so that I thought how shall I ever bear such heart-breaking work as I saw frequently in our family,—this lay with such pressing weight upon my spirit, especially when the time drew near that we should put it to an issue, that I durst not proceed, but broke off the match as quietly as I could, to the great

dissatisfaction both of the girl, my master, and dame—though I never durst tell my dame that the cause of it lay so much at the door of her unworthy carriage to her husband. In a little time I fell sick, and so came home to my mother at Bradford; and then were my soul-trouble and fears revived, and were more sharp and piercing than before; and my apprehensions of the approach of death made the same cut more deep. In this agony I lay some weeks, oppressed under the burden of guilt and a death-threatening distemper. Yet at last God was pleased to step in with light, and love, and clear satisfaction; and I could not hold, but cried out aloud, 'He is come! He is come!' which made the affliction on my body the more light and easy the remainder of the time that I was under it: and in this sweet sense of comfort I walked many days; yet had I many clouds, fears, and doubts afterwards."

We are not following our friend to service in London, or any of the rest of his personal movements, though, as we have observed, striking delineations of the domestic manners of the period; but we think one description may be acceptable. Thus he tells the following story:

"One day I thought I would take another walk to see Westminster and Whitehall; so I walked over the park to St. James's, and there found a major and a captain exercising their men; the captain drew off his men, and they marched away. I then drew near to the major, and watched them exercise; I perceived the major took some notice of me, and by and by he comes walking up to me, and asked me if I had any mind to be a soldier? 'No, sir,' said I, 'I have no military spirit.' 'Well,' said he, 'what brings you to the city; for I see you are a countryman?' 'Sir,' said I, 'my desire is to serve some gentleman, if I could meet with a good man and a good family.' 'Well,' said he, 'come along with me to my quarters.' So he ordered another officer to dispose of the soldiers, and went with me. He then asked me several questions, and at last told me that there had been a gentleman with him lately that was inquiring if any of his soldiers had a mind to leave the army and betake themselves to a private place: 'But,' said he, 'I knew of none then; but perhaps I may see him again shortly; and if he be not provided, tell me where you lodge, and I will instruct you.' So I thanked him, and went away, scarcely believing that I should hear any more of him; but the providence of God had a hand in it, which I was not aware of; for the next morning but one, by that time I had well come down from my bed-chamber, comes a soldier and inquires for me; and being come to him, he told me his major had sent him for me, to come to his quarters at Whitehall; but he told me nothing of the business. So I went with him, and came to the major; and he asked me if I had got a place? 'No, sir,' said I, 'I have not.' 'Well,' said he, 'the gentleman of whom I spoke to you the other day was with me yesterday; and if you please to go and speak with him, my sergeant shall go along with you to the custom-house, and there you will find him.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you shew great kindness to a stranger, I heartily thank you.' So the sergeant brought me to the gentleman (his name was Mr. Rye), and told him his major had sent him with me who was the man they had talked about last night. Mr. Rye took us to a tavern, called for sack, and having well drunk, he sent the sergeant away, and bade me come to the custom-house about four o'clock, and wait on him, and I should know more of his mind; so I did, and after I had stopped some time, he came

from his out of the a man. she is a place, if summer-going, what I know what I thought my judgment? was congregrated a hension. led me into the were; and 'Mother! That is 'I hope may make called in shire me there.' London widow? apprentice man, and back, and running over, and myself please good f strange and we like you month, 'your p into the made o how he had em that ha should he, 'Y mother self an drink burden could So I w his kin ers. and in what upon spread then the tal wait then takers, and then t self to her to ways I did then busin for m ces; O! w

from his business, and away he led me quite out of the city to Islington Fields; and then he began to talk with me, and told me it was not himself, but his mother-in-law that wanted a man. 'But be not dismayed,' said he; 'for she is a good woman, and you will have a good place, if you stop with her. At present her summer-house is in Highgate, whither we are going.' Then he asked me some questions; as, what I knew of a work of grace upon my heart, what I thought of many Scriptures, and what my judgment was as to different things in religion? Was I a baptist, or a presbyterian, or a congregational, or what was I? to which I answered according to my knowledge and apprehension. At last we came to the house. He led me into the kitchen, and he went himself into the hall, where his mother and his wife were; and after salutation, I heard him say, 'Mother, I have brought you a new man.' 'That is well,' said she, 'if he be a good one.' 'I hope well of him,' says he; 'however, you may make a trial of him.' So by and by I was called into the hall, and the old gentlewoman asked me what countryman I was. 'A York-shire man,' said I, 'a widow woman's son there.' 'What occasioned your coming to London, and leaving your mother, being a widow?' 'Truly,' said I, 'having served my apprenticeship, I thought to become a tradesman, and hoped to live upon it; but I went back, and saw I could not buy and sell and get gain, as other men did, and I was afraid of running into debt, and so in good time gave over, and came to London with a design to put myself in the situation of a servant, if it would please the Lord to dispose of me into some good family.' 'Well,' said she, 'you and I are strangers; are you willing to stay here month, and we shall have a trial of each other; and if I like you not, then I will pay you well for that month, and so we shall part?' 'Yes,' said I; 'your proposal pleases me well.' So I went into the kitchen again, till supper-time, and made observation of the man that she had, and how he did, and I thought I could do as he did well enough. On the morrow I told Mr. Rye, that had I known my mistress had a man, I should not have been willing to come. Says he, 'You need not be troubled at that; for my mother has given him warning to provide himself another place; he is so in love with strong drink and bad company, that his stay has been burdensome to my mother long, but that she could not meet with another man to her mind.' So I was satisfied, neither did the man appear to be angry with me at all; thus did God, in his kind providence, provide for me by strangers. In two days' time the man went away, and in the mean time my mistress had told me what my employment should be, viz. to wait upon her at table, bring the table-cloth and spread it, lay on the trenchers, salt, and bread; then set her a chair, and bring the first dish to the table; then desire her to sit down, and so wait till she called for beer or any other thing; then to fetch another dish and clean the trenchers, and so wait upon her till she had done; then to take off and draw the table, and carry away her seat, and then the two maids and myself to feed on what she left; and to wait on her to hear sermons almost every day. I always wrote the sermon, and repeated it; and as I did at noon, so I did at night at supper, and then all my work was done, and this was my business day after day. Thus God provided for me time enough, and rich and fat ordinances; for she would hear the best preachers. O! what cause have I to wonder at the merciful providence of God in a strange place!

Well, a month being run about, Mr. Rye being at home,—for he stayed mostly with Oliver Cromwell and godly officers of the army, and did but come home on Saturday night; my mistress called me into the hall, and said, 'Come, Joseph, now the time that we appointed for trial is over, how do you like?' 'Alas! mistress,' said I, 'it is a small matter how I like; the thing upon which depends my going or staying is, how you are satisfied with me.' 'Well,' says she, 'in a few words, I must tell you, I like you well, and shall not be willing to part with you, if reasonable wages will please you.' 'I am glad of that,' said I; 'for I like so well of your person and my employment, that you shall see I will not be willing to leave your service; and as for wages, prove me a year, if I so long live, and at the end thereof give me what you please.' 'You say well, and like a servant that intends to be faithful, and you shall fare no worse for leaving it to me; only,' says she, 'I expect that you should be finer in your apparel; for you see you and I must go amongst many great persons.' 'Well,' said I, 'my inclination is to be fine enough, if I had wherewith to maintain it.' 'O!' says she, 'I will maintain you, not like your mother's son, but as my servant; upon which she bid me call the maid, who being come, she ordered her to bring the apparel to her that she had fetched; so she gave me a hat, bands, doublet, coat, breeches, stockings, and shoes, a cloak, and half a dozen pairs of cuffs, saying, 'Whatever I give you at the year's end, you shall have these things freely given to you.' So I gave her hearty thanks, and went about my business; and thus the providence of God ordered things for my good. Here I had an easy life, brave ordinances, a great deal of time, and ten pounds wages, and many great gifts both from my mistress and Mr. Rye.'

There is a fine thought on the death of his mother, which we cannot omit quoting.

"My mother died, after she had long followed and faithfully served the Lord; being an honour to her profession—a woman of a thousand—every way exemplary in her conversation—a pattern of holiness—an heiress of a kingdom that fades not away, and which she is now possessed of for ever. She left me rich in a stock of prayers—the answers to which I am reaping every day."

With this we conclude our notice of a small, but exceedingly interesting volume; though we are greatly tempted to add the bravado account of "Bradford's Deliverance from the Royalists"; when, *inter alia*, we learn that "their ordnance all this time played upon us—one of them ranged an eight-pound bullet; yet see the Lord's mercy to us,—that which was planted against the steeple never hit it; another, intended for the skouring of Kirkgate, 'tho' the street was continually crowded with people; yea, though many of their bullets hit the houses, and some the street, yet was nobody at all hurt therewith; they bored, indeed, 3 or 4 houses, yet (which is observable) did most harme to a malignant: and thus the terror of the Lord and of us falling upon them, sending their foot and artillery foremost, away they went (using their feet better than they used their hands), and about 50 of our clubs and muskets after them; which courage in ours did most of all astonish the enemy, who say no 50 men in the world, except they were madd or drunke, would have pursued a thousand. Our men, indeed, shot as they were madd, and the enemy fell as they were drunke; and so we will divide it. Some discharged 10, some 12

times in the pursuit; and having the whole body of the enemy for their butt, it may easily be imagined what good execution they did in a mile's march (for so farre they pursued them) even to the Moore, where fearing to be environed by their horse, they retired, some of them so wearied with this 8 hours hot service, as they could scarce returne to the towne. One thing I cannot omit: a hearty roundhead, left by his comrades, environed with the enemies' horse, discharged his musket upon one, strooke down another's horse with the thick end of it, broke a third's sword, beating it backe to his throat, and put them all to flight; which (though as the rest wonderful) I dare pawnie my credit to be true: and thus ended our skirmish"—and our Review.

Heraldry of Fish. Notices of the principal Families bearing Fish in their Arms. By Thomas Moule. 8vo, pp. 250. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. London, Van Voorst. A STRIKING branch of heraldry is illustrated in this volume; most agreeably by the talents of the writer, and fully seconded by the numerous woodcuts, which give ocular elucidation and point to his statements. In his preface he remarks:—

"The painter will do well to seek the assistance of heraldry in his representations of historical subjects: he who feels its introduction as an accessory to pictorial effect need not be told, that chronological accuracy in armorial design is equally requisite with fidelity of costume, or the correct portraiture of the persons represented. To the architect heraldry affords an unlimited extent of enrichment in exterior sculpture; and the judgment of C. Barry, R.A., the architect of the House of Lords, has admitted it, as an important feature, in the principal façade of that splendid edifice. The introduction of arms in windows and pavements also renders it necessary that the architect should be acquainted, not only with the rules, but with the peculiar character of the heraldry of different periods. To the naturalist it is not entirely without interest: the late illustrious Cuvier added a knowledge of heraldry to his other pursuits; and the patient investigation of the swan-marks of antiquity by Mr. Yarrell, in his *History of British Birds*, shews considerable attention to the subject: some of these marks, as the key, the crozier, and the arrow, on the swans of the lord-chancellor, the abbot of Swinstead, and of Eton College, bear a close affinity to the devices of heraldry."

To this we would add an idea which has often crossed our minds, on seeing the new decorations, year after year, of our most splendid theatres:—would they for once try heraldic embellishments with taste and judgment, and rich and vivid as they are in colours, we think they might have the most varied and most beautiful interior that has ever yet been witnessed in such places.

But to our subject. All the fishes in the seas and rivers seem to have been brought into play to blazon the arms of persons with fishy names, or fishy allusions, or fishy appointments:—"The ancient Counts of Wernigerode, master-fishers of the empire of Germany, bore a fish as an ensign of dignity."

In like manner, chubs, minnows, cod, lins, crabs, lobsters, roach, dace, gudgeons, barbel, mermaids, and other small fry, came to be the insignia of other great and mighty personages, whose names were Chubfish, Gudgeonish, or Lingish, &c. A miserly fellow, for example,

took the scales, scaly, a critic the carp,* a clergyman the sole, a lord-chancellor the seals, an opera-dancer (h)eels, an unlucky gambler crabs, a lawyer the shark, a broker the stock-fish, a soldier the swordfish, a schoolmaster w(h)ales, and so on through the whole nomenclature of symbolical fins. Even in the heavens, men have contrived to place such emblems :—

" The sign Pisces, according to some of the French heralds, is composed of dolphins, which Venus placed in the zodiac; a dolphin is sculptured at her feet in the most celebrated statue of this goddess at Florence, to indicate her origin from the sea; but the favourite of Venus amongst fish was the minnow, one of the most beautiful in its form and marks."

Among nations and potentates of earth :—

" In England the word *dolphin* was used for the French name of *Dauphin*, as in the old play of *King John*—who, it may be remarked, died more than a hundred years before the title was in existence,—

" Lewis the dolphin and the heire of France."

Shakspeare's subsequent introduction of the dauphin in the time of king John is amply atoned by his transcendent genius; but in the recent pictorial edition of his plays, the readers are presented with a portrait of the dauphin, taken from the *Archæologia!*—a less pardonable error either of the editor or the antiquary."

Upon this subject, by the by, it has been whimsically enough remarked, that England's sovereignty of the sea seemed to have been undesignedly contrasted with the pretensions of France; the latter being content to call her eldest son and heir only a *Dolphin*, whilst our eldest born are no less than *Princes* of Wales. "In consequence of the assumed fondness of the dolphin for the society of man, it appears to have been adopted in the arms of the family of James, the several branches of which bear the dolphin as a principal charge on the shield, and generally with the punning motto, *J'ayme à jamais, I love everlasting.*"

Another fish-crest is curious as it regards natural history. That of "the family of Garling, a fish's head erased, per fess proper, is perhaps intended as a play upon the name, and should be the Garfish, or sea-pike, found upon the coasts of Europe. Le centropome, the brochet de mer of Cuvier, which forms an article of consumption in South America, is a kind of perch, but is called a sea-pike: the sea-luce of heraldry is the hake, the merlucius of the naturalist."

Our next passage is also deserving of notice for its anecdote :—

" In Warburton's list of the arms of the gentry of Middlesex, in 1749, are those of William Obreen, Esq., of Tottenham, of foreign extraction: per fess, azure and vert, in chief an armed knight on horseback in full career or, in base a fish naissant of the third, on waves of the first. The Somerset herald has not described the particular species of this fish, which doubtless was intended for a bream, in allusion to the name. The earl marshal expressly commanded Warburton to prove satisfactorily

* Probably on such an occasion as the following :—
" A fish furnishing the University of Cambridge with a religious feast was the occasion of a tract, entitled *Vox Pisces*, or the Book-fish: containing three treatises, which were found in the belly of a codfish in Cambridge market, in Midsummer eve, 1626. This fish is said to have been taken in Lynn deeps, and, after finding a book within it, the fish was carried by the bedel to the vice-chancellor; and coming as it did at the commencement, the very time when good learning and good cheer were most expected, it was quaintly remarked, that this seaguest had brought his book and his carcass to furnish both."

the right of each person to the arms engraved on his map of Middlesex, to the garter king of arms: he then printed his authorities for all the arms, rather than submit entirely to the arbitration of one 'so notoriously remarkable for knowing nothing at all of the matter.' This severe rebuke referred to Anstis, the son of the celebrated garter king of arms mentioned by Prior :

" Coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis by election."

Of the roach we are told, *inter alia*—

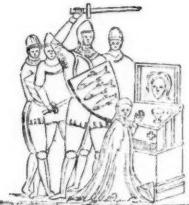
" Roach are abundant in almost all the rivers of Europe. 'Unwary roach the sandy bottoms choose,' is expressive of the simplicity of this fish, which is termed the water-sheep. Swift says :

" If a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach."

This fish, in old books of angling, is named *roache*, and is of the highest antiquity as a charge in heraldry, where it is used by those families whose appellation De la Roche arose from their rocky territory. The phrase 'sound as a roach' is derived from familiarity with the legend of St. Roche, whose mediation was implored by persons afflicted with the plague, and a belief which existed that the miraculous intercession of St. Roche could make all who solicited his aid as 'sound' as himself. The Italian proverb, 'E sano come il pesce,' connecting the idea of health with a fish, has been translated 'sound as a roach'; but the naturalist who is acquainted with the particular species will not admit the truth of the popular idea. Impressions of seals, used during the lifetime of the persons to whom they belonged, are among the best authorities for armorial bearings: these evidences deserve an attentive inspection, and supply an accurate test for determining the particular ensigns borne at a certain period, when appended to early deeds and charters of acknowledged authenticity. An instance of the heraldic application of the roach is found on the seal used by Thomas Lord de la Roche, and affixed to the barons' letter to Pope Boniface VIII. respecting the sovereignty of Scotland, in the year 1301—one of the records preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster.

dences of its former strength. Adam de la Roche, also founder of the Benedictine Priory of Pwll, near Milford Haven, was buried in the church of Llangwm, on the banks of the Cleddy, where his monument yet remains. The form of the shield, and the motto used upon seals, are both supposed to have depended upon the taste of the person to whom they belonged rather than upon any established principle. The motto used by the Roche family is one of those punning allusions to the name which at an early period were very common, 'Dieu est ma Roche,' and the crest, having the same intent, is a rock. The usage of crests upon helmets in the camp may have been confined to persons of the highest rank; but at a very early period it certainly was not unusual upon seals to place figures of animals on the top of the shield, in the manner of crests; and supporters to the escutcheon were not improbably introduced on the seals with the same intention, merely as an ornament, without being indicative of superior rank. *

" The representation of the murder of St. Thomas a Becket, here copied from the official seal of Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Richard II., shews the knight about to slay the martyr, bearing a

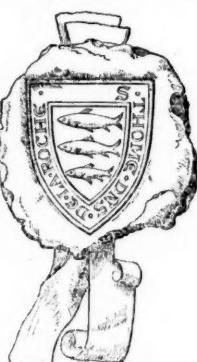


shield charged with three naiant fish, as borne by the Roche family. The names of the four knights recorded in history as the murderers of Archbishop Becket are Fitz-Urse, Tracy, Morville, and Brito; and although the subject has been often represented, no allusion to one of the Roche family as concerned in the archbishop's death is known. * * *

" One of the circumstances incident to the revival of literature was the foundation of the Academy of Florence, which originated from a society fancifully termed 'The Humides,' each member being known in the community by the name of some particular fish, or by some appellation relative to water. Grazzini, a poet of some eminence, the projector of the society, called himself *La Lasca*, the roach; other members were distinguished by the name of some piscatorial occupation."

These quotations indicate the character of this very agreeable volume, in which the antiquarian information is so judiciously relieved by singular anecdotes and pleasantries. Having only to observe that it is beautifully and correctly got up, we will add three extracts more, by way of finish, respecting three pieces in heraldry of considerable interest, viz. the mullet, the grayling, and the lobster.

" The heraldic *mullet* has occasioned much disquisition on the origin of the word, supposed to be derived from *moulette*; and French heralds admit six points to the star so denominated. In the earliest rolls of arms it is called a mole and a molet, whether pierced or not; and in some of the seals attached to the barons' letter the bearing is represented with six points. On a seal of William Clinton, earl of Huntingdon, in 1387, the mullet in the arms has the same number. A change in the form from six to



Gules, three roach naissant in pale argent, are the arms of the family of De la Roche, who derived their name from an estate situated on the verge of St. Bride's Bay, on the coast of Pembrokeshire. The remains of Roche Castle, founded by Adam de la Roche about the year 1200, stand upon a very remarkable insulated rock of considerable height, and exhibit evi-

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five points seems to have taken place in England in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and it is known that the spur-rowel, to which the mullet is compared, was never of five points before the time of King Charles I., nor indeed of six points before that of King Henry VI. Previously the spur was furnished with a *rouelle*, or little wheel, sometimes serrated; facts which can be proved by reference to the collection of ancient armour at Goodrich Court, in Herefordshire, the seat of Sir Samuel Meyrick. The *Boke of St. Albans* calls this bearing *macula*, whence it has been supposed to represent a meteor rather than a spur-rowel. Guillim gives another derivation, and says, 'Others think that heralds have borrowed this word *mullet* from a kind of fish so called; not that which is usually known by that name, but another, not unlike in shape to the figure used in armoury, found upon the sands at the ebbing of the sea, and called a five-finger, but anciently known by the name of mullet.' The sea-star here alluded to is mentioned in Bishop Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*. It is said that the Admiralty Court laid a penalty on those engaged in the oyster-fishery, 'who do not tread under their feet, or throw upon the shore, a fish called five-finger, resembling a spur-rowel, because that fish gets into the oysters when they gape, and sucks them out.' Without admitting that the heraldic charge is derived from the starfish, which it appears once bore the name of mullet, it may not be improper to mention that its form is shewn in the arms of the noble families of Douglas, Vere, St. John, Ashburnham, Bonville, Sutherland, and in the arms of the episcopal see of Bangor. A work on starfishes was published by John Henry Link, F.R.S., a naturalist of Leipsic, in 1733; but this class of fish remained little known in England: recently a *History of British Starfishes*, by Mr. E. Forbes, has proved of extraordinary interest by his mode of treating the subject. In this valuable addition to natural history, the figure of the butthorn, of the genus *Asterias*, is found to resemble closely the mullet of English heraldry. * * *

"The grayling is a species of trout; but it is found that many rivers abounding with trout do not contain grayling. A certain peculiarity of its local distribution in England gave rise to a supposition that the grayling had been introduced by the monks, by whom it was held in esteem. St. Ambrose named the grayling the flower of fish, from its pleasing colour and agreeable smell. This fish is presumed to be intended in the arms of Cardinal Bentivenga, in which the rose is also introduced and commented upon in these lines to his memory:

'Bentivenga sacra est haec purpura amictus; in unda Ludentem pisces respice et inde rosas.'

He was confessor to Pope Nicholas III., and died in 1289. His arms, azure, a fish naiant argent, on a chief or, a chevron sable between two roses, were surmounted by the cardinal's hat; then a novelty, it having been first worn at the interview between the Pope and Louis IX.

of France, at Lyons, in 1247. The supposition

that most of the rivers which contain grayling flow near the remains of monasteries is incorrect, as this fish is not found in the rivers of Kent, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, or Cornwall, where conventional edifices were formerly numerous. One of the sources of the river Severn is named the Graylin. A hand holding fish, the crest of the family of Grayley, or Grealley, of Lancashire, is doubtless a play upon the name; also the arms of the Kentish family of Graydon, argent, on a chevron azure, between three otters sable, each devouring a fish, as

many otter-spears or; the crest, a demi-otter devouring a fish: the motto, 'Ad escam et usum,' for food and use, alludes seemingly to the employment of the otter for the purpose of catching fish. In heraldry the grayling are termed umber-fish, from their French name *ombre*; and the punning arms of the family of Umbrell are, argent, three umber-fish naiant. * * *

"The suits of armour, on the principle of the lobster's shell, consisting of laminae, being made with overlapping plates, which enabled the steel to give way to every motion of the body, were called *creevisses*, from their resemblance to the lobster, by the French knights of the reign of Henry IV., when these suits were much used. The shells of fish are known to vary according to the roughness or smoothness of the sea they live in; Juvenal's picture

'at first sight could tell

A crab or lobster's country by its shell.'

Gules, on a bend or, a lobster sable, is the arms of the Spanish family of Grilla. Another branch of the same noble family bears gules, on a bend or, three lobsters sable. The history of the nobility of Spain is marked by a very curious but rare book, which neither princes nor priests have been able to suppress; it bears the name of *El Tizón de España*, the brand of Spain, and its purpose is to trace the pedigrees of the grandees up to some infidel ancestor, either a Moor or a Jew, destroying by that means all claim to purity of descent, it being a severe reproach to the hidalgos that some amongst their ancestors stood on their legs for baptism, —' *Bautizado en pie*, meaning one who had received adult baptism."

In reviewing any heraldic subject, we may be excused for referring, in conclusion, to an interesting topic connected with it and scripture-history; though, in the present case, we are leaving fish for flesh—we allude to the Sign of *Oxen*, respecting which Gale, a neglected but elaborate writer, says: "They have not judged amiss who interpret the first institutions to have been in memory of Joseph, who, by his providence, relieved both Egypt and other neighbouring countries in the seven years of famine. Besides the testimony of no slight authors, there are strong inducements to persuade it. First, both the years of plenty and famine were foreseen by the apparitions of *oxen*; secondly, what fitter emblem (if it had not afterward proved an idol) to continue the remembrance of Joseph, by whose alone care and industry corn-victuals were provided in an extensive famine, than an *ox*, the true and lively hieroglyphic of an industrious husbandman? thirdly—and Suidas agrees with us on this head, though others do more clearly express the reason of this portraiture,—namely, because of the great quantity of corn-measurement by Joseph in the extreme dearth. It is supposed," he adds, "as there were some especial marks on the Egyptian ox, so it is possible that Aaron, with his engraving-tool, made the like."

Distress in Manchester. Evidence (tabular and otherwise) of the State of the Labouring Classes in 1840-2. By Joseph Adshead. Pp. 56. London, H. Hooper.

This pamphlet presents us with a sad spectacle of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures: it is enough to make the heart bleed. Nearly ten thousand inhabitants of cellars, without a comfort, a convenience, or a decency. Other thousands, though dwelling in huts and hutchies above ground, not one atom better provided. Filth, unparalleled distress, nakedness, hunger,

and every grade of misery to be endured to the very dregs;—such is the condition of a terrible proportion of the poor in Manchester, ay and in every great manufacturing town or district throughout the wide realm of Britain.

We call ourselves a civilised nation, an enlightened people, a benevolent, humane, and Christian community; and yet such appears to be a remediless state of things, compared with which the temporary sweep of famine, pestilence, or plague, would be a blessing. There are individuals and families, connected by all the dearest and sweetest ties of life, of whom we are told, from actual survey, that they have died and become extinct through "gradual starvation." Merciful heaven! what years of woe and how many living deaths are expressed in these two abhorrent words—"gradual starvation!" What cruel pang to be incessantly borne, till the last real and happy death of all relieves the wretched beings for ever from their earthly sufferings, and lays them where the weary are at rest!

What can be done to alleviate or avert this calamitousruption of society? We know not what governments can do, legislatively or politically, effectually to eradicate the afflicting disease which preys upon the very vitals of our national strength;—but there are palliatives; and these ought to be immediately, assiduously, and unsparingly applied.

Well-conducted emigration would produce a partial good.

A kindly and liberal distribution of relief from the poor-rates.

The enforced ventilation of every place where labour is performed.

The enforced observation of cleanliness throughout every portion of the population, and the providing of means for that purpose.

Public attention to sewerage and drainage. The limitation of hours of toil.

The prevention of those impositions which are practised on all the lower orders, whether they deal with truck-masters or little chandlers and brokers.

The prohibition, or discouragement if they cannot be prohibited, of those legal processes which seize what rubbish remains from the pawn-shop for some four or five weeks' sixteenpence rents, and drive the miserable, without a covering of roof or rags, to the inclemency of the seasons.

The utmost exercise of private charities, and the support of soup-kitchens and clothing-dispensations.

The earnest endeavour to make the prices of food commensurate to the sufficient sustenance of willing and healthful labour.

The surveillance of pawnbroking shops.

The grant of public money, where all other measures fail, to save any considerable body of the people of England from "gradual starvation."

We are aware that the subject is as inexhaustible as it is painful; and we dare not enter upon its details. Our feelings we could not repress on rising from Mr. Adshead's melancholy evidence; and crude as our foregoing hints are, there is not one of them which, if acted upon, would not mitigate some of the excessive misery which has called them forth.

William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord. By Mrs. Stone. 2 vols. London, R. Bentley.

THE transition from the "Art of Needlework," Mrs. Stone's former publication, to the "Cotton Lord," appears easy and natural, although in the reverse order of natural things; for the

material and the master should have come first, and then the work and the art. But in other respects the succession is in regular order; manual skill and mental reflection; the occupation of early life, and the observation and acuteness of the accomplished woman. Of the latter qualities the present volumes—and it is of them our pleasing task now to speak—give ample evidence. They contain a plain story of Manchester life, and much of the hidden springs of social outbreaks. The actors, with the exception, perhaps, of the hermit, whom we believe also to be sketched from life, are breathing, walking, talking, laughing, weeping creatures, contented and discontented, affected by circumstances, as are the population rich and poor of that densely inhabited manufacturing district at the present hour. There is no straining after effect in Mrs. Stone's relation of events or description of character—no finely attenuated, prolonged scenes of suffering or woe; but all bear the plain, sterling stamp of natural, truth-like probability; and the contents of each chapter appear as the occurrences of a day, to be continued in a varied or new form at the following dawn. In short and in truth, the work before us is a pleasant readable tale, interspersed with acute descriptions of trades' unions, strikes, &c. The introduction of the heroine is a fair specimen of the style of the authoress.

"My Edith deserves a little grace at your hands. She is not pale; she is not sentimental; but she is fair, and feminine, and gentle, and generous, and good. Fear not but her trials will come; fear not but her cheek will be pale. Woman's lot is on her, and she will yet be proved by suffering. Faith and patience—undeviating faith, unwearying patience—constancy, which is neither corrupted by prosperity nor overcome by adversity; vigils, tearful perhaps, but uncomplaining—to hope against hope—to trust, and though betrayed, still to trust again; this is woman's heritage. The plant is nurtured in earthly soil; it shall bear fruit in heaven. But not yet; youthful, healthful, beautiful, and gay, Miss Langshawe moved like a being of a brighter world. Her eye was yet undimmed by grief, her cheek unblanched by sorrow, her brow unwrinkled by care. The idol of her parents, the darling of all around, loved and courted, flattered and caressed, the world was as yet to her but a long day-dream of joy; she lived in a fairy land of hope and happiness. Ere long must she awake to the painful realities of life, to the withered hope, the blighting care, the fleeting joy, the lingering sorrow—a weary train! But there is energy in her lofty brow to combat—there is patience in her meek face to endure; there is hope enwreathed in every magic line of her sweet countenance. There shine 'pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts.' A mortal she is, and the trials of mortality she must endure; a spirit she is, and a spirit for immortality is perfected by the trials of time. Reader! will she not do for a heroine?"

The cares and vicissitudes of life were for Edith most trying, and required the exercise of great moral courage; but slight in comparison with the courage displayed frequently on "change, as described here.

"In truth, it is wonderful to behold—and not the less wonderful because little known, and therefore thing little esteemed—how fiercely and successfully men of high commercial fame battle with difficulties as they beset them. The politician, the soldier, the sailor, each has his loud acclaim for coolness and freedom of demeanour in time of danger; but few remark, and nobody condescends to tell, how the mind

of a tradesman battles with and subdues mere fleshly fears when that which he holds dearest on earth, his credit and his name, are in jeopardy, and the terrors of a 'stoppage' compass him about. In truth, that is no mean intellect which, on a crowded exchange, in the face of rivals, of those great ones whom he has met as equals, and those men to whom a glance of recognition has been an acceptable favour, can cover with a face of cheerfulness a bosom of sorrows, and carry high the head when the last planks of the ship are about to part."

The following, which we are told in a note, owes nothing to the *invention* of the writer, is curious.

"At the appointed hour, a little after dusk, Forshawe was in waiting near a certain tavern in Manchester, where his guide and friend soon joined him. They immediately repaired to the tavern; but did not go in at the public entrance, but by a remote and sequestered side-door. The guide, who seemed well acquainted with all the localities, led Forshawe through diverse passages, up one staircase and down another, till it was apparent that they had quitted the house which they originally entered. He stopped at length in a large room, and told his friend to sit down there, and wait for him; he then went out, locking the door after him, and did not return for more than an hour, during which Forshawe was alone, and in the dark, for by this time the night was advanced. At length he returned, and two other persons with him; and they proceeded to bandage Forshawe's eyes: he would have remonstrated, but was silenced immediately by being told it was a usual and necessary rule: being completely blindfolded, his arm was taken by a person on each side, and they moved forward; if he felt any throbbing then, it was appeased by the well-known voice of one of his captors (his guide), who told him that he would remain with him to the end. He was led, as it appeared to him, through innumerable passages, and up and down stairs, till at length they made a dead pause. He felt his friend quit his arm, and directly he heard three low and solemn knocks on what he rightly supposed to be a door close to them. 'Who comes?' said a grave and sonorous voice from within—'who comes to interrupt us in our solemn deliberations?' Forshawe's guide answered, 'I am a brother of the order, and I bring a stranger, who humbly craves to be admitted of our fraternity.' 'Enter, in the name of the Lord.' Forshawe heard a door open, and both his arms again being seized, he was firmly though gently drawn forward: his heart thrilled as he felt his footing give way beneath him, and could not hear the sound of a tread, either of his own or his guides. He was borne forward on this soft and yielding ground for several yards; then his conductors stood still, and so, perchance, did he. The most intense silence prevailed; not a sound was heard save the breathing of, as he supposed, several people around. At last, without any audible sign—any other, of course, being lost on him—this silence was at once broken by the subdued but thrilling tones of a hymn of several verses, which was chanted slowly and solemnly throughout. Then, in a deep and low tone, some one repeated the following verses of the 94th Psalm, several voices responding 'Amen' at the end of each verse. It must be observed, however, that though every word was given with perfect distinctness, the proceedings throughout were conducted in a subdued and whispering tone.

"O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth; thou God, to whom vengeance belongeth, shew thyself.

Arise, thou Judge of the world: and reward the proud after their deserving.

Lord, how long shall the ungodly, how long shall the ungodly triumph?

How long shall all wicked doers speak so disdainfully: and make such proud boasting?

They smite down thy people, O Lord: and trouble thine heritage.

Who shall rise up with us against the wicked? or who will take our part against the evil-doers?

God shall recompense them their wickedness, and destroy them in their own malice: yea, the Lord our God shall destroy them."

There was then another considerable pause, an apparently motionless silence, which Forshawe dared not attempt to break. He was already much alarmed; but it was an unfailing rule of this inquisition to excite alarm, so that a member should not dare to break his oath: indeed, it was no secret that their own lives were in jeopardy if they did. He was suddenly startled by the sound of his own name, in a low sepulchral tone: 'James Forshawe, hear me, and mark me well. You are now within our secret walls, and now and hereafter in our power. Should you betray our secrets, you will have cause to rue this day; but if you are faithful to your trust, your well-doing shall be heedfully attended to, your wrongs shall be amply avenged. I must now know whether you can keep a secret?' 'Yes; I can.' 'And will you do so?' 'I will.' 'Then shall you be admitted of our fellowship, and be at once to us as a brother. But shouldst thou prove deceitful, remember thy end; for it will be a fearful warning.' Several voices then slowly chanted:

"Vengeance shall slay the deceitful man,
And a pit shall be digg'd for him who sweareth a lie.
He was then desired, in a whisper, to kneel down, his hands were clasped and held up, and he was told to keep them in that position, and the oath was administered, he repeating each clause after the person who slowly recited it to him. It was as follows: 'I, James Forshawe, do voluntarily swear, in the awful presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, that I will execute with zeal and alacrity, as far as in me lies, every task or injunction which the majority of my brethren shall impose upon me, in furtherance of our common welfare; as, the chastisement of knobs, the assassination of oppressive or tyrannical masters, or the demolition of shops that shall be deemed incorrigible; and also that I will cheerfully contribute to the support of such of my brethren as shall lose their work in consequence of their exertions against tyranny, or renounce it in resistance to a reduction of wages. And I further swear, that I will never divulge this my most solemn obligation; and that if ever I do reveal it, may what is now before me plunge my soul into the everlasting pit of misery.' 'Rise, James Forshawe, and see how thou hast bound thyself.' He was raised up, and in the same instant the bandage was lifted from his eyes. He started back in horror. Right facing him, almost touching him, the hideous skull grinning on him, the fleshless arms stretched forward as if to clutch him, was the skeleton of a man. Close by was a small table, bearing a Bible, a drawn sword, and an axe. From the position of this table, his hands must have been on the Bible when he took the oath. He glanced fearfully round. In the shadowy gloom, rather than light, which the dim lamp cast over the chamber, he saw forms flitting about, all robed in white. The chief inquisitor (so to speak), raising his hand towards the skeleton, began some dirge-like rhymes, but ceased suddenly. Forshawe had sunk on the floor in a fit. He was quickly removed; and the friend who had beguiled him there saw him laid in bed, and hoped that the

morning would restore him. This hope proved futile; the poor fellow's nervous system had received too great a shock. Incipient fever too, the result of intense anxiety and want of rest and food, had been for some days silently working its insidious way on his always feeble frame. In a few days Forshawe was taken from his bed, and carried in a coach to the asylum for such miseries—an incurable lunatic."

This long passage has left us room for only a slight extract or two more. How like Miss Mitford is the following! could we pay a higher compliment than such a comparison?

"But Mrs. Halliwell found, or fancied, that, not having her loom to take to, she had many idle moments; and, as the house was rather larger than they required, she proposed to have a lodger in the tidy room over the shop. One came, the foreman to a respectable clog and shoe shop in the neighbourhood. At first he did not like it at all; the noise of the children and the bustle of the thriving shop annoyed him sadly, and twice he gave notice to quit; but somehow he is still there, and does not talk of going. He nurses Nancy's baby a good deal—he says it is such a remarkably good child; and he generally assists Nancy to put the shop to rights at night, and often steals a few minutes in a morning to deck the window. He talks of beginning business for himself some day soon, and says he shall want an apprentice at once, and he seems to think that Joe Halliwell's second lad, Bill, would suit him exactly."

A funny synonym:

"‘William, tell me this moment; did you not say that Mr. Wilson was a natural son?’ ‘Yes, I did,’ said Mr. Langshawe. ‘Mr. Wilson is a relative of mine,’ said a lady, who appeared much excited; ‘I should like to learn the author of this calumny.’ ‘I believe Mrs. Irton was my informant,’ said he, looking towards a lady who was attired both with elegance and magnificence, but who seemed engrossed in some ineffably composing reflections, and sat sleepy, silent, comfortable, and inattentive: but she was roused by the parties interested. ‘Did you not tell me,’ said Mr. Langshawe, ‘that Mr. Wilson was a natural child?’ ‘Yes, I did.’ ‘And pray who told you?’ ‘I don’t know, I forget; I think Mr. Ashworth told me.’ ‘Lord! Lord!’ said he, ‘how this world is given to lying!’ begging a thousand pardons for the quotation; but I told you, ma’am, that Mr. Wilson was a posthumous child. Haw! haw! ‘Well, I thought it was the same thing,’ said the lady. ‘Haw! haw! haw!’”

Here we conclude; hoping that the above extracts may induce our readers to seek to know somewhat more of the “cottonocracy” as portrayed in Mrs. Stone’s amusing volumes.

The Climate of the South of Devon, and its Influence upon Health, &c. &c. By Thomas Shapter, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 258. J. Churchill, London.

We are happy to welcome Dr. Shapter as an author again. It is now some years since we had the pleasure of reviewing his *Medica Sacra*. Laurels and more sterling advantages have since accrued to him; but we are happy that he has not forgotten also the pursuit of his profession as a science. We believe we have seen the embryo of this present volume in the Transactions of the Provincial Medical Association; but it is not the less generally valuable. It is only the other day that we had in our hands the laborious work of Dr. Forry on the Climate of the United States, and re-

gretted on that occasion that so little has been done for the medical topography of our own country. This is still more remarkable as applied to a district like that of the south of Devon, the most celebrated for the repair of invalids in Great Britain. Yet here there exist actually no satisfactory observations as to the temperature of Torquay, considered, but not authenticated, as the warmest and most genial climate upon the coast.

The climate of South Devon is the first and most important subject that is investigated by our author; he has collected all existing data upon the subject, and discussed them fairly. The mean annual temperature is $51^{\circ} 29'$, which is nearly one degree higher than that of London, following Sir James Clark, whom our author thinks is in excess; but it is stated by some authorities to be as much as $51^{\circ} 9'$. The striking characteristic of the climate of Devon, and wherein, no doubt, lies one of its points of superiority for invalids, is, however, its equability,—the difference between the warmest and coldest for ten years amounting but to four degrees, and the mean difference of temperature in succeeding years but to one degree and a half. This same relative superiority of equal temperature obtains, likewise, in the various months and seasons of each year. But there is a remarkable fact, which the author’s just scepticism led him to reinvestigate before he admitted its truth; which is, that while the temperature is more equal than in London, for months, and seasons, and the whole year, it is the reverse with regard to day and night; the mean difference of temperature between which does not exceed in London fourteen degrees and a half, while it amounts to thirty degrees in South Devon. Without staying to explain this remarkable discrepancy, it is obvious that it is of high importance to the invalid to be acquainted with such facts, and to take precautions which he might otherwise neglect, as more particularly, not to keep his window open at night.

The moisture of the climate of this part of England is proverbial; and the observations collected by Dr. S. fully sustain for it this character; but it appears, at the same time, from the prevalence of warm westerly winds, that this moisture is not cold nor chilling, nor in any way unwholesome. It seems, indeed, without following the author through all his investigations, that the chief characteristic of the climate is that of being warm, soft, mild, equable, calm, and free from storms. Though subject to a large share of rain, yet it seldom occurs that a whole day is so unceasingly wet as not to afford some hours sufficiently fine for out-door exercise; and it appears that the only dangers to be avoided are, the discrepancy of day and night temperature, and the occasional, although not very frequent, great variations of temperature, which are the cause of much acute and fatal disease.

The subject of the diseases of Devon being a professional one, we will not enter upon it here. It is a difficult thing to treat of diseases in a statistical form; many cases of phthisis are put down as catarrh, and vice versa; and so with many other forms of disease: then, again, different medical men take different views of disease, as we have examples in the present day of many able practitioners, who, let any kind of case present itself, see nothing but spinal irritation, constitutional irritation, tubercular disease, cardiac derangement, or whatever other hobby they are riding for the time being. Still, broad truths are obtained by such a mode of proceeding; and the reputation

of the able correspondent to the *Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine* is a guarantee for the generally accurate views given of the forms of disease.

The remarks upon the principal inland and sea-coast towns of South Devon are what will render the book most interesting to the general reader; and being backed, as previously said, by an admitted medical authority, it should become the companion of all who are seeking health in those renowned regions of our own fair isle.

The geology, natural productions, economical history, and statistics of the south of Devon are also treated of; and thus, while there is a philosophy in the relation of all these subjects to one another, there is also a source of instructive amusement to all who follow our advice, and make this their guide to South Devon.

MRS. TROLLOPE’S ITALY.

[Conclusion.]

THE following sketch of the English in Florence was left out of our notice of Mrs. Trollope’s first volume, and seems to deserve a place:—

“The *casino rooms* are gay-looking and pretty enough, but not sufficiently large to accommodate well so numerous an assemblage as were congregated there on the eve of St. John. The crowd was tremendous . . . and yet I declare to you that among the ladies, I positively found it required a little looking about to discover any who were *not* English. Of course I am always happy . . . who is not? . . . to meet with English friends anywhere and everywhere; but yet, there are certain English feelings, that are *not* gratified by observing the enormous colonies of British subjects that are planted everywhere upon the Continent. Nor do the English at Florence appear to me to hold a position sufficiently distinguished there to gratify our national feelings. Wherever some few English families of high aristocratic rank have taken up their abode, a distinguished circle is immediately formed around them, consisting generally of the best class of the English within their reach, and of the most distinguished natives of the place in which they have fixed themselves. This immediately gives a style and tone to their circle, such as English people of condition may naturally be expected to find around them, go where they will. But I confess it is matter of surprise to me, to hear of so many English families in the middle station of life, who appear to have settled themselves down among a people who positively fly before them. It is certain that many persons may be able to keep a carriage at Florence who could not afford to do so in London; but is it possible that this can atone for all that makes home essentially *home*? I am quite aware that no education for either sex can be complete, from which the advantages of travel are excluded: but this has nothing to do with making a residence abroad, especially in a country where the habits and manners of the people appear to mark resident foreigners as intruders. . . . However, this is one of the many cases in which ‘there is no accounting for taste,’ and the attempting to do so, is perhaps as foolish an occupation as can well be devised.”

In continuation, we find the 2d volume, occupied with Bologna, Venice, Rome, Naples, &c., as like the first, that we shall content ourselves with only one farther and very short illustration, and leave our remarks without addition. The former relates to the miserable condition of the byways in Italy, and the poverty and

ignorance of the Roman states. The date is Turin, Nov. 1841.

"It is a dangerous experiment to quit the great routes through Italy in search of the picturesque, or of any thing else; and since I closed my last letter we have experienced more difficulties (though I cannot conscientiously add *dangers*) than the whole of our journey had previously produced... I believe I love fine scenery as well as most people; but I do not think I would voluntarily undertake to endure the same again, unless some one particularly worthy of credit in such matters would vouch for my seeing something as wonderful as Niagara, or as beautiful as Schwatz, as my reward. It is not, however, so much the badness of the road that I complain of, as the very 'plentiful lack' of accommodation at the miserable little inns... Never before have I been so literally called upon to 'enter into the venerable presence of Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,' as during this memorable expedition. To make this statement accurately correct, however, the word 'dirt' must be substituted for 'cold'... although we have occasionally been met by a cutting and a biting wind, that accorded not well with the rich foliage, which has still, for the most part, more the aspect of August than of November... But the dirt and melancholy neglect of themselves, which we have found among the people at the miserable little inns where we have been obliged to pass several nights, is beyond any thing you can imagine; and has offered us a sadder picture of human misery, ignorance, and destitution, than I have ever witnessed... except, perhaps, among the manufacturing population of Manchester and its neighbourhood... The wretched ignorance and poverty of the ecclesiastical states presses most painfully upon the observation at every step you go, by every object you see, and from every question you ask... 'It is not we are idle,' said a man with whom my son entered into conversation. 'We are not idle... We would dig the very rocks to get bread, if we were not so sorely burdened.' 'Si gravita,' was his phrase... and he added, that those who would live well must live either in Tuscany or Lombardy. 'A man may do well in either.' The consequence of this sort of hopeless despair is a supine abandonment of all the little contrivances which we so frequently see giving decency, and even comfort, to poverty... Rags, filth, and very deficient nourishment, all seem endured with a degree of sullen calmness, that must be either the prelude to a storm, or one stage of a process, by which the inhabitants of this unhappy portion of the finest country in the world is to sink into a moral condition in no way superior to that of Hottentots. There is something inexpressibly painful in travelling through a country where the contrast is so fearfully strong between the munificent operations of nature and the pitiful management of man... and this too in a land that owns the same language as that spoken in the prosperous fields of Tuscany and Lombardy... In many cases, the commonest resources of human industry appeared to be absolutely unknown... We were repeatedly told, when asking for milk, 'that no cows were kept in that neighbourhood...' 'That there was nothing for them to eat...' And that in a climate where the very air seems to generate vegetation!... But all this is too painful to dwell on... and, moreover, so very *very* useless a speculation for those who are here only to obey the mandate, '*Guarda e passa;*' that the sooner we leave it the better."

Altogether, from the off-hand, ready, and

cursive style in which these volumes are penned, the reader will be carried through them with an agreeable feeling; conscious of no fatigue, even when told something known before, and informed in an amusing way with what is new.

The Annals of Chymistry and Pharmacy. No. I.
Vol. I. Longman and Co.

We heartily welcome into the field of science this great new labourer, a weekly publication—pamphlet form—devoted to chemistry, pharmacy, galvanism and electricity, &c. & c. The principal object appears to be to afford to the English chemist a summary of the discoveries of continental chemists, and not exclusively to the initiated, but even to the tyro, who may therein read and understand the progress of the numerous investigators of this interesting science. The primary divisions of the contents of the first Number are chemistry, operative and experimental—chemistry applied to agriculture—practical pharmacy—and galvanism and electricity; in all seventeen articles, and a good and promising sample.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book. Sudbury, Fulcher; London, Longmans.

The first seen of our Annuals, with its pretty title-page and neat engravings of Suffolk mansions, is received with a hearty welcome; being still what it has ever been, a Pocket-book which does honour to the provincial press. It has all the qualities of utility—blank pages arranged for memoranda, others ruled for accounts, the almanack-information of sunrise and moonrise, feasts, fasts, terms, &c. & c. & c. But it has also, in addition, some appropriate original poetry by J. Montgomery, B. Barton, Emma Bloodworth, and other anonymous and local writers not unworthy of the choir. Their compositions are followed by a judicious selection, and the whole wound up with the never-failing attractions of enigmas, charades, &c., and prizes and solutions for the same prolific and amusing exercises of the preceding year. Altogether, the Memorandum-Book is handsomely got up; and as nice and convenient a companion as a lady need put in her pocket for 1843.

Ladies' Flower-Garden of Ornamental Perennials. Nos. VIII. and IX. By Mrs. Loudon. Lond. W. Smith.

Two beautiful Nos. The rich Dianthus is a gay bouquet of many hues. Pincates, and Pinks, and Carnations, of singular markings and colours; several specimens of Silene, Lychnis, Agrostemma, and eight or ten pretty Linums, are altogether graceful examples of the embellishments with which our gardens are now so highly enriched.

The Persecuted; or, the Days of Lorenzo dei Medici. By James C. Dansey, Esq. 8vo, pp. 295. Florence, Joseph Molini; London, C. F. Molini.

It is so rarely that we get an English book from the press of Florence, that we must at once pay our respects to this historical romance, which has reached us from that quarter. In its incidents it is highly melo-dramatic, and might furnish a stirring piece for the stage. But its chief merit is in the pictures it draws of the famous house of the Medici, and especially of the illustrious Lorenzo, and of the times in which he flourished, and many of his contemporaries, both friends and foes. A sorceress, a dwarf, assassins, conspirators, &c., keep up the fire of the romantic part; with which the genuine affairs of Florence and other

parts of Italy are intermingled with considerable effect.

Tales of the Braganza, with Scenes and Sketches. By T. H. Usborne, Esq., author of "A New Guide to the Levant, Egypt, &c." Pp. 278. Cradock and Co.

A MEDLEY of adventures, tales, legends, and other light reading, with which an hour may be agreeably spent by those who do not ask too much from productions of the kind. It is evident that many of the descriptions are real, and the incidents facts; and the author, though obviously young in this sort of composition, might on practice find himself eligible for a higher undertaking.

Ireland, and the Irish Church: its past and present State, and future Prospects. By the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lillford. Pp. 154. London, J. Ollivier; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

It is a good sign to see a person of the author's rank applying himself to a question of national importance; and it is hardly less so to find that the result of his investigations is, to recommend, not violent measures or agitation, but patience and repose, as a remedy for existing difficulties and evils.

The Sailor's Bride, &c. Pp. 144. G. Virtue. A THIRD edition of a moral domestic tale.

Lectures on Female Prostitution, &c. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Pp. 163. Glasgow, Maclehose.

To cleanse the Augean stable, it was a necessity to go into every nook and corner of it; and so, with the earnest wish to do what can be done to mitigate the evils and miseries involved in the title-page above quoted, it has been expedient to exhume much of filth and vice to the light. Dr. Wardlaw was called to the task by a large body of divines, and otherwise excellent members of society; and he has acquitted himself ably. But though of infinite importance to the moralist and legislator, our readers will at once perceive that this is a work on which the *Lit. Gaz.* cannot go into circumstances.

Morning and Evening Exercises for October, November, December. By Wm. Jay. Pp. 684. London, C. A. Bartlett.

THE concluding volume of a work which has obtained much popularity and a very extensive circulation. It is fully equal to those which have gone before, and will no doubt be equally successful, even adding to their attractions. The pious author speaks of the whole as a relaxation from ministerial labours: the exercises are certainly in happy unison with the most important functions of that holy office.

A New French Grammar; illustrated by Examples referring to the History of Great Britain and Ireland. By A. F. Guillerez. Translated by E. C. Anderson. Edin., P. Rickard; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Lectures Grammaticales et Historiques. By A. F. Guillerez. The same.

The first is a good and useful grammar; the last a good and instructive selection.

Guide to the County of Wicklow. By James Fraser. Dublin, Curry, jun., and Co.

Belfast and its Environs, with a Tour to the Giant's Causeway. The same.

Two little volumes to lead travellers to the most interesting sights in the neighbourhood of Dublin and Belfast. The latter seems to be the better executed of the two; but both, we think, are well adapted to their intended purposes.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*Bacton, North Walsham, Norfolk,
Sept. 26, 1842.

SIR.—May I beg the favour of your inserting the following lines, to correct a few errors which appear in Mr. Charlesworth's letter inserted in No. 1337, Sept. 3d. In that letter Mr. Charlesworth introduces me as speaking in my work (*History, Antiquities, and Geology of Bacton*) of one engraving "as representing the fossilised relics of an *extinct saurian*." The word "*extinct*" is not mentioned in my book. The following is the only notice given: "The skeleton of the saurian, given in the annexed plate, was found in the same deposit" (p. 66). With regard to the other engraving, Mr. Charlesworth remarks, that I state it to be "*an Anoplotherium*." Where Mr. Charlesworth gets this from, I cannot tell—certainly not from my book, as the following passages will shew. First, Prof. Owen's opinion, already cited in Mr. Charlesworth's letter, as copied in my work, states it to be *an animal allied to Anoplotherium*, not the *Anoplotherium* itself. Secondly, speaking of the metacarpal bones, two in number, I merely say, "*the Palaeotherium* of Cuvier is marked from the *Anoplotherium* by the presence of three metacarpal bones in each extremity" (*loc. cit.* 64). Thirdly, in a note (p. 65): "*It was probably distinct from the genus Palaeotherium; but a pachyderm, and nearly allied to that genus.*"

I do not doubt Mr. Charlesworth's acquaintance with the strata, "which are at present accessible by cliff-sections along the eastern coast of England;" but that gentleman may not perhaps be aware of the fact, that large masses of strata are now and then laid bare by high winds and tides, which are seldom met with in the cliffs. The strata in which the group of bones was found (which has given rise to the present discussion) has only been exposed once since my residence at Bacton, at low-water mark, at the time the bones were extricated, and is situated full sixty feet below the surface of the cliff.

Mr. Charlesworth, after an inspection of the fossil in question, does not seem settled in his own mind with respect to the mammal to which the jaw and teeth properly belong, if we are to judge from letters written by him. In one letter he says, "the teeth and jaw belong *probably* to a small deer," but he does not mention the species, of which he must be aware there are many; then he asserts, they belong "*probably*" to a "stag;" next, "*probably*" a "goat;" and lastly, "*probably*" a "sheep." So that, according to these various conflicting letters, the animal does still appear a nondescript altogether!

Mr. Charlesworth next strives to establish his opinion by making out the remaining bones as not belonging to the animal—"are decidedly not those of an *Anoplotherium*, and *probably* belong to more than one individual." Now all that I can say on this point is,—the bones were all found together—were all extricated from the strata at the same time—and were laid in such a position as warrant their all belonging to the same animal. The fore leg I particularly noticed as lying apparently perfect—the humerus resting upon the head of the radius, and the ulna adhering to the humerus; the metacarpal bones, with those of the metatarsus, were apparently occupying the place which they are represented as occupying in those of the *Anoplotherium* tribe.

I refrain from trespassing upon your space further than just to remark, that, when desirous

of imparting truth to others, it is essential we should deal in plain facts, and not in mere probabilities.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. GREEN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW APPARATUS FOR SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

M. KONSTANTINOFF, lieut. of horse-artillery in the Russian service, having frequent occasion to determine the specific gravity of bodies which from their nature were soluble in water, and having experienced much difficulty in the use of Leslie's apparatus, and uncertainty of exact observation,—devised the following new and ingenious arrangement, based on the same principle as the instrument of Leslie, but differing greatly from it, and deserving especial attention for the exactness and celerity with which observations may be made.

The apparatus consists of a tablet of ground glass, traversed and supported by two barometrical tubes of at least 14 inches high, having their lower ends in a bag containing mercury, the capacity of which can be regulated by a screw-press. When the tubes are filled with mercury, any alteration in the capacity of the bag will cause the level of the mercury in the tubes to vary, which is to be regulated by a scale placed between the two tubes, and supplied with indicators and a vernier. The complementary parts of the instrument are a small bell-glass and crucible.

In order to determine the specific gravity of a body, first cause the mercury to rise in the tubes; then place the crucible containing the substance on the glass tablet, and over it the bell-glass, so that it may also cover the orifice of one of the tubes; by increasing the capacity of the bag by means of the screw-press, the mercury in the open tube, exposed to atmospheric pressure, may be reduced to any level; but the mercury in the other tube under the bell-glass, by the same means, will only be diminished to a certain extent. The difference of the levels in the two tubes, together with the volume of air in the bell, will afford the means of determining the volume of the body contained in the crucible. Let w be the volume of air in the bell; w' the volume given by the first and second level of the mercury in the covered tube; h , the difference of the level in the two tubes at the end of the observation; H , the height of the barometer during the observation; and v , the volume of the body contained in the crucible; then, $v = w - w' \frac{(H-h)}{h}$

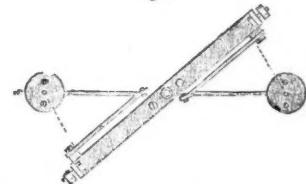
CHRONOMETERS.

The specification of Mr. Dent's "patent improvement of chronometers" declares the objects, among others, of his invention to be, "to obviate, by a continuous correction, the errors arising from the tension of the balance-spring not following the same law of increase and decrease, at different temperatures, with the law that governs the corresponding increase and decrease in the inertia of the balance. Hence the ratio which should invariably exist between the tension and the inertia is not maintained throughout; whereas a correspondence between these two is a condition absolutely necessary to the correct performance of a chronometer at different temperatures. By the neglect of this important condition, it has been observed that, with the exception of two opposite extremes of temperature, the rates of chronometers as hitherto generally constructed, have been, between those temperatures, accelerated; or the rate on each side of a mean temperature

has been retarded." The simultaneous correction of tension and inertia is the point to which all endeavours have been directed in this important branch of mechanics, and hitherto with varying success. Whether the present patentee has attained the end in view, is a matter worthy of more than a passing thought, or a mere inspection of diagrams and a specification. We therefore, in this article, are desirous of drawing the attention of the numbers interested in the subject to the invention by which Mr. Dent conceives he has perfected a continuous correction or compensation, which will move the compensation-weights over any required space, so that the inertia will be in accordance with the varying tension of the balance-spring. We should state, however, that, experimentally, Mr. Dent has determined that between the temperatures of 32° and 100° Fah., the tension varies nearly as the temperature.

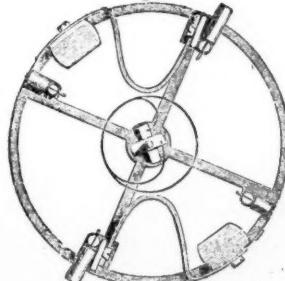
The principal novelty of the invention consists in the compensation diminishing the distance of the centre of gravity of the compensation-weights from the centre of the balance upon a decrease, and the converse upon an increase of temperature, which is the reverse of what has generally hitherto been done in the ordinary construction of the balance. This is now accomplished by a primary compensation, being the only adjustment which the ordinary chronometer possesses to correct the errors of the balance-spring; and also by "continuous secondary compensation-pieces," which place the compensation-weight in a position calculated to vary the inertia, when moved by the primary compensation-pieces in the before-stated arithmetical proportion. The principles upon which the improvements are effected will be better understood by the following diagrams, without the minute details of reference to parts, for which we refer to the specification.

Fig. 1



represents the plan of a compensation-balance in which the two compensation-weights are each carried by a primary and a continuous secondary compensation-piece, which pieces are shewn straight, in order to facilitate the clear understanding of the principles of the invention, although, in practice, a curved figure is frequently used, or the primary and secondary compensations made in one curved piece.

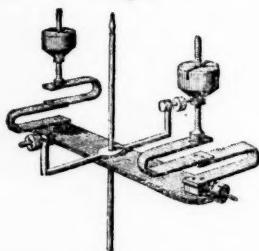
Fig. 2



shows the plan of a balance, in which the primary and continuous secondary compensation is obtained on each side of the balance from one curved piece.

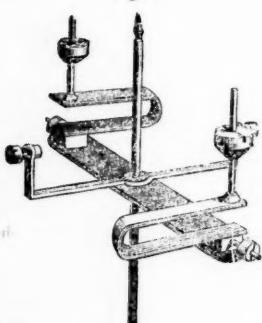
In these two figures the compensation-weights are represented as moving in a plane at right angles to the axis of motion; but a similar effect is produced by causing them to move in a plane passing through the axis of motion.

Fig. 3



is an example of this. The weight always moves in a line perpendicular to the centre of the block on the end of the bar; and on elevation of temperature, the distance between each staple is increased in height, and the compensation-weight raised from the balance-bar: under these circumstances, the augmentation thus effected by the secondary compensation enables the primary compensation to carry the weight over a greater space and with accelerated velocity towards the centre of motion; the reverse effect, of course, taking place on a decrease of temperature.

Fig. 4



is a perspective view of a balance of the same kind as fig. 3; but in this case the continuous secondary compensation-pieces, each made in the form of one staple only, stand across the primary compensation-bar at right angles, which is an essential condition of this construction, because a single-staple compensation will not raise the weight perpendicularly from the end of the bar; therefore the bow of the staple should be placed in a position which will raise the weight, without producing more variation in the inertia than is unavoidable.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

THE last No. of *The Friend of Africa* informs us, that by the steam-vessel Kite, from the coast of Africa, there arrived as passengers Captain Wm. Allen, R.N., and the remaining officers and crews of H.M.S. Wilberforce and Soudan, viz. Commander W. Ellis; Mr. W. Forster, master; Dr. M. Pritchett, surgeon;

Mr. W. Bush, acting purser; Mr. Thompson, acting surgeon; Mr. Anderson, acting second-master; Mr. G. Gustafsson, engineer; Mr. R. Graystock, engineer; Mr. Roscher, geologist; Mr. L. Fraser, naturalist; Mr. Terry, chief clerk to the commission; Mr. Crowther, native catechist; and about twenty men, most of whom had volunteered from the merchant-service since the return of the Expedition from the river last year.

The Kite, as we have mentioned in former *Gazettes*, reached Fernando Po from England, with the government-despatches, on the 24th June, having had an unusually long passage, in consequence of finding no coals at Sierra Leone. It had been intended that the Wilberforce and Soudan should leave Fernando Po on the 25th of June, in order to proceed up the river; but in consequence of the receipt of these despatches, which directed that only one vessel should go, the Wilberforce was selected for that service.

Lieut. W. H. Webb, who had volunteered for the command; Mr. Webb, acting purser; Mr. Hensman, surgeon of the West African Company's Establishment at Clarence Cove, acting as assistant-surgeon; Mr. J. Waddington, acting boatswain; Mr. H. Davy, acting carpenter; Messrs. Johnstone, Cameron, and Collins, engineers; and forty-five blacks, formed her crew. The whole of the above-mentioned officers, with the exception of Messrs. Hensman and Cameron, took share in last year's Expedition.

The Wilberforce left Clarence Cove, in tow of the Kite, on the 20th of June, and crossed the bar of the Nun on the 2d July, Capt. Allen having himself accompanied her thus far.

On his return to Fernando Po, Capt. Allen determined to leave the Soudan at that place, in charge of Mr. Sturgess, master's-assistant of the Kite, with Mr. Stirling, late assistant-surgeon of the Wilberforce, and two supernumerary engineers, who had lately been brought out by the Kite; and, after giving orders for any vessel touching at Fernando Po, to proceed to the mouth of the Nun, and await the return of the Wilberforce, finally sailed for England on the 7th July. Mr. Cook, civil commissioner, and Mr. Simpson, clerk of the Wilberforce, sailed a few days previously in the Golden Spring, and arrived in London on the 18th ult.

Lieut. Webb had directions to proceed to the settlement at the Confluence, in order that any who wished might have an opportunity of returning. He was also entrusted with discretionary powers to open communication with Rabbah; but the limited number of his officers would, in all probability, preclude his attempting the difficult navigation of that part of the river.

During the three months which the Wilberforce and Soudan passed at Fernando Po, and cruising in the Bight of Biafra, although several cases of fever appeared among their crews, only one death took place, that of Mr. Ross, one of the supernumerary engineers, who had not been up the Niger. Captain Allen had a severe attack of fever during the passage home, after leaving the Cape de Verde Islands; but had recovered before his arrival in England.

By intelligence of the 12th July from Ascension, we learn that the Albert was still at that island, daily expecting the arrival of Captain Foote, the senior officer on the station, who, it was supposed, would immediately despatch her to England. Her crew had all tolerably recovered their strength, with the exception of her commander, Capt. E. G. Fishbourne, whose constitution had not yet rallied from its late shock.

SCANDINAVIAN SOCIETY.

FROM a half-faceious, half-serious article in the foreign correspondence of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published, we collect that the gathering of the northern savans at Stockholm in July last surpassed the most ardent wishes of its supporters, numbering nearly 500 members; and yet that the "quality of the meeting was not so high as had been hoped," owing in part to concurrent festivals. Of the attendance the writer says:—

"Not to mention the tribes of indigenous Swedes who attended it, the government steam-vessel, Heckla, placed at the disposal of the Danish savans by the king of Denmark, brought a large cargo of wisdom from Copenhagen, headed by Conferenz-råd Orsted, the first mathematician of Denmark; while troops of Norsemen, led by Prof. Hansteen, also a great mathematician, thronged the steam-boats on the lakes, and poured down over the Fells. The meeting, though open to all wise men from all parts of the world, was not well attended either by English or Germans; of the former, a solitary but sufficient specimen presented himself, Prof. Johnson, of Durham; of the latter great things were expected, and it was confidently hoped that the veteran Humboldt would gladden the eyes of the assembly. But, alas, for science! the 'silberne Hochzeit' of the Emperor Nicholas happened in the same week as the Scandinavian gathering; and the philosopher, who is also a Geheimer Rath, being bidden to the marriage-feast at Petersburg, either could not or would not come. . . . The arrangements of the provisional committee at Stockholm, superintended by Baron Berzelius, were excellent; and the greatest attention was paid to the comfort of the visitors. The king and the prince-royal behaved in the most gracious way. The house of Nobles was appropriated to the sections and general meetings; and the palace of Prince Carl given up as a place of evening resort. In these favourable circumstances the incongruous mass of physicians, geologists, chemists, naturalists, botanists, &c. &c., resolved itself, with very little loss of time, into various sections; in the labours of which, together with three general meetings for the sake of the public, rather more than a week was to be consumed. In several of these sections, especially in those for medicine and geology, many papers were read, and much work was, it is said, done."

The only papers mentioned were one by Orsted, "On the application of mathematics to the conveyance of all other kinds of truth";—one by Berzelius, "On the rise of the coast in the Scandinavian peninsula," which he attributed to the cooling of the earth's centre: he combated the glacier theory of M. Agassiz, and pointed out its insufficiency as regards Sweden;—and one by Count Björnstierna, Swedish minister at the court of St. James, "On the primitive abode of the human race."

With regard to the unscientific part of the proceedings, nothing could be more satisfactory. The society dined together at the Bourse most merrily; and on one occasion were bidden to a banquet at the palace, where they were received by the king in person: thus presenting a very favourable contrast to his majesty of Denmark, who had sent one of his chamberlains to preside at a dinner which he gave to the society at Copenhagen, not deigning to eat with them himself. In this way the time passed quickly by; and after a pleasant expedition to Upsala, the foreigners departed in the very best humour."

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FINE ARTS.

Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—The directors of the Polytechnic Institution, stimulated by the success which has attended the *Art-Unions* of London, Edinburgh, Germany, &c., have resolved to establish a similar Union on more extended principles, so as to encourage the productions of artists, men of science and ingenuity, of Great Britain and of all other countries, by facilitating the sale of their works. The subscription is to be twenty shillings, and the amount raised to be laid out on various productions, the possession of which will be determined by lottery every spring, when the prizes of from the value of 10*l.* to 200*l.* will be determined. Paintings, drawings, engravings, sculpture, and bronzes; mathematical, astronomical, and all kinds of philosophical apparatus, working and other approved models made to scale, musical instruments when containing any new application or improvement, collections in mineralogy, conchology, geology, &c., are the objects in view. Other beneficial matters are aimed at, which, we presume, will be fully explained by the projectors.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

The Colosseum: Artificial Ice, &c.—The numerous attractions for a lounge at the Colosseum induced us to visit it the other day; and the pleasure we received leads us to recommend it to others. Passing through the conservatories, in which are some rare plants in fine order, there are in recesses the friendly assemblage of hostile animals, all seeming to enjoy their strange companions instead of tearing them to pieces,—the oceanic caverns, the moss-fountain, and other delectations for the young. Farther on is the Swiss Cottage, and view of the Righi and other alpine mountains, cosmopolitan peeps, waterfall and wintery scenery extremely natural; and, most novel of all, the sheet of artificial ice, composed chiefly of salt and alum, on which skaters perform their graceful and healthy evolutions, as if on real ice. The composition is about an inch thick; and when cut up on the surface by the skates, all that is necessary to make it smooth again, is to sweep up the loose particles, and re-dissolve and re-spread the solution with a mop. Thus every crack and crevice is filled, and the exercise is as perfect as before. We were told that several noblemen and gentlemen were having similar floors laid down in their own mansions; and truly we should think them as amusing as billiard-rooms, and more conducive to health. We have said nothing of the great building itself, the ascending apartment, and the view of London from St. Paul's Cathedral; as that wonderful work from Mr. Parris's hand, from the extraordinary drawings of Mr. Horner, has long been a favourite popular spectacle with every class of the public.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

L'EMEUTE.

On a summer's night, in the revolutionary year 1789—being then a boy of 13, at the little old town of Jarnac, on the broad Charente, above Cognac, and below Angoulême—came to my bedside Madame Faure (the lady of the house in which I lived as one of the family), and awoke me from my first sleep, at the mid-hour, with a voice broken by sobs, and exclaiming, amidst a flood of tears, "Rise, my dear J.!—we shall all be slaughtered—the enemy are coming, and are putting every thing to fire and sword!" I just ejaculated, "Oh, now,

madame!" in answer; but my ears were saluted, in confirmation of her report, with the united sounds of the tocsin from the church-bell, and that of a rattling drum beaten through the streets.

Thus certified of the alarm-reality, I lost no time in throwing on my clothes, and joining the rest of the family in the bed-room of the principals, where M. Faure was busy in loading a fowling-piece,—madame bemoaning herself, and preparing to bury the plate; whilst Mademoiselle—a fine young woman—her little brother, the female servant, and myself, were lost in amaze at the nature of the émeute, as it was called, and what might be its consequences.

I confess, with much compunction, even at this distant time, that the first impression I felt, and expressed, was—instead of determining to stick by the family, and share its fate—that I could swim the river, and escape through its rapid and deep current to the opposite shore, and from thence downwards, which was the contrary way from the supposed approaching danger.

Nevertheless, as this did not appear imminent, I sallied out as a scouting party, and soon joined some youthful comrades of a twelve-month's acquaintance, at the head of the covered market-place, which, being the general place of public resort, was now crowded with inquirers into the apprehended calamity.

What this actually might be, was not the less appalling from being utterly undefinable. Who, or what, "*l'ennemi*" were, as to country, or numbers, was a perfect mystery. The "gathering-cry" came Parie-ward, which was a hundred leagues off,—but who brought it, or how it was first diffused, though no one could tell, yet nobody questioned. The French are singularly prone to suspicion, probably from constitutional purity of imagination; and therefore to descend to sober matter-of-fact investigations, and conclusions, in affairs of the foregoing nature, appears to them intolerably stupid and ill-timed.

There were vague notions, at this period, of aristocratic plots and operations, originating with the queen; therefore the foes might be regular troops, for what any one knew; but that they were numerous, and implacable, whether national or foreign, no one doubted; though how they came so near all at once, was puzzling, but not altogether inexplicable to French conjecture and ingenuity.

This, however, was not the moment for deliberation. All was bustle. National guards had been organised in the town, under the command of M. Desmontis, a principal brandy-merchant; but, as the embodiment thereof was but in embryo, every one acted as his belligerent genius and military skill suggested, on this occasion—many having been soldiers, especially the barbers—and all anxious to distinguish themselves by valour and invention.

Some mounted, and rode forth to reconnoitre towards Angoulême, whence the danger impended; others, to convey the infectious tidings to Cognac. Those who remained applied themselves to defensive measures of every imaginable description. Nothing that could be supposed capable of giving a quietus, from a spit to a bodkin, was neglected. Every grindstone became common property, and was kept in constant twirl, to impart a deadly point, or edge, to all manner of implements. Powder, and shot, of every size, down to snipe, and lead for slugs, was seized upon—*bongré, malgré*—in every shop—and a worthy Gascon gentleman, named Damaud, equipped with shot-belt, game-bag, and double-gun, opined to sally forth,

and repulse the enemy by a steady fire. I observed to my companions, that he certainly intended to bag what he might slay in his game-net.

The ancient walls of the town still partially remained on the land-side; and the principal access, on the expectant assailed quarter, was by an arch-way. This having long lacked the gates, was now blocked up, *à la barricade*, by carts, &c., containing every possible impediment to ingress that could be devised; and, in the rear thereof, mounted on a carpenter's bench, was a masked battery of little brass cannon about a foot long. This artillery had been put in requisition at the château, where they formed part of the Count de Jarnac's museum, designed probably to illustrate some specimen of fortification, he being lieutenant-general in the army, and superior governor of Rochelle.

This nobleman's domain flanked the town, on the upper part of the river, which both flowed round and intersected his beautiful park, being rendered navigable upward, on one branch, by a loch within his grounds.

The count, by surname Chabot, was of a distinguished race, akin to the Rohan family, and rendered specially remarkable by the successful combat of one of its former chiefs, a little man, with a bullying adversary and royal favourite, called La Chateignérai, which took place in the presence of Henry II. of France, and of his whole court.

I refer the uninformed reader to the French history for the narrative of this last judicial duel, in commemoration whereof an armed figure was fixed at the summit of one of the towers of the château, sustained upon one foot, and with the other leg bent—at the knee whereof the unlucky champion was wounded, which caused him to fall, and finished the combat in favour of his adversary.

The immediate representative of this noble lineage was suspected of being no small aristocrat, which was at this period the great plague-spot. His conduct, previous to the sudden revolutionary burst, recalled the feudal usages. He passed the chief part of his time in Paris, on an encumbered annual income of about 2500*l.*; but when, at this, his ancestral seat, he rode through the park-gate into the town,—which might contain some 5000 inhabitants, including many respectable Calvinistic brandy-merchants,—every hat was low whilst he remained in sight; and the judge was appointed by him. On one recent occasion, however, he had taken the law into his own hands, and horse-whipt an unlucky wight, whilst held by his servants, who had happened to fire a shot in hearing of his residence.

He chanced to be at home at this stirring time, and felt in no easy position; but he was a perfect man of the world, and shaped his course accordingly. He mounted his horse, and came to the hall, as they called the market-place, without requiring the uncovering of heads. He protested, and no doubt sincerely, his utter ignorance of the cause of the alarm; but professed his eagerness to assist in resisting aggression from any quarter, and, if necessary, to die with his "bons citoyens de Jarnac," whom, at the same time, he saluted with a *viva*, which, in national politeness, they could do no less than respond to with the exclamation of—"Vive Monsieur le Comte!"

Thus, happily establishing an amicable understanding with the townsfolk, he retired, promising to send down ten leagues, to Saintes, for some cavalry: yet, still, no small number of his hearers could hardly be persuaded that the

queen and the Count d'Artois were not concealed in the castle.

Eventually this nobleman became an emigrant; but the countess, who was an Irish lady, I think remained at Paris in the occupation of their hotel. It was said, that whilst formerly in Ireland, he had been compelled by her brother to marry her; but, at all events, the connexion in this new chapter of accidents proved advantageous. It enabled him to introduce his only son, Viscount Chabot, into our army, who successively rose to command the 9th light dragoons—was quarter-master-general in Canada—and finally, after marrying the sister of the present Duke of Leinster, returned to France at the restoration—the count having died in the interim.

Having thus disposed of the chieftain-episode, I return to the *émeute* in the town, which continually assumed some new feature.

The peasantry of the neighbouring villages and hamlets had, at the first sound of the bell, flocked to the place with fire-buckets; but finding their mistake, fetched their scythes and such-like instruments, with which they expressed some inclination to dissect the carriage of a noble party who came, with all the cash they could collect, from the château de Bourg,* to the commandant's house, for refuge.

On the river, marched along, on the opposite prairie-banks, a martial file of some two hundred villagers, variously armed, and headed by two violins, which were among the principal warlike instruments of this period, whilst the before-mentioned veteran barbers were also usually the chief musicians.

As there was confusion enough on our side already, this party was not invited over to add to it, but remained in reserve where they were, till the close; those who had fowling-pieces exhibiting their feeling, by discharging them, on retiring, towards the château.

Seated on the stone-bench of a neighbouring house to ours, in front of the river, a worthy matron, (but no friend of mine, from some unlucky feuds à l'Anglaise with her boys,) Madame Rizut, kept moralising on the impending catastrophe; her sinister forebodings being dismaly fortified by traditional recollections of similar hostile visitations in by-gone times to the unhappy place. These, however, have no record that I know of; for although the battle of Jarnac, which took place two miles off, is celebrated for its fatal issue to the Huguenots, and for the death of the Prince of Condé of that day, yet there is no historical evidence, I believe, of the town having been sacked on that or any other occasion.

Be this as it may, the horsemen who had gone forth reconnoitring towards the aforesaid battle-field of Bassac, and in other directions, having, in some instances, described in the dim light the crowds of fugitives from the surrounding country, who were hastening for protection towards the town, transformed them by an easy mutation into the vanguard of the enemy, and reported accordingly; but, as the night-shades disappeared, so did the foregoing phantasmagoria fade with them; the arrival of fifty cavaliers of the régiment du Roi from Saintes, by mid-day, gave equal confidence and amusement,—and so melted away this formidable *émeute*, which has never been accounted for to this day, though it was enacted on the same night, with more or less effect, throughout France.

It was regarded at the time by many as a ruse of the Orleans faction to hasten the arming

* This castle, finely situated on a rock above the river, was subsequently made a dépôt for British naval prisoners, during the war which shortly after ensued.

of the people; and it unquestionably aided in causing the universal and effective organisation of the national guards.

Sir W. Scott alludes to it, I think, in his *Life of Napoleon*, where he refers to the *Mémoires du Marquis des Ferrières*, liv. iii., and to those of Bailli (16 Août); but he throws no additional light on the origin of it.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Last Saturday was quite a theatrical grand field-day. Drury Lane opened with a bumper house in every part, boxes, pit, and galleries, to witness *As you like it*, from the text of Shakspere, and cast with all the taste and feeling for the immortal author which belong to the accomplished lesser of this theatre, who was personally received with a degree of enthusiasm, evincing the public sentiments of gratitude for, and expectation in consequence of, his great exertions, services, and, we may add, sacrifices, in the cause of the drama. It must cheer him on his arduous course; and we have no doubt, gave assured promise of reward for his unconfined liberality in every thing that can or ought to crown his endeavours with triumph. The play was put upon the stage in such a style of verisimilitude, so appropriate and beautiful in scenery, so correct in costume and accessories, so true and lively in action, that many parts, hitherto but very unsatisfactory imitations, became, as it were, realities before the eyes of the spectators.

The music was also very charming; and the whole of this exquisitely natural poem so naturally represented, from first to last, as to be indeed a treat to the lovers of Shakspere. The melancholy *Jaques* of Macready is too well known to need a comment: it is a finely subdued piece of acting, and finest in its repose. We will say only a few words on some of the other characters, in the order in which they stand on the bill. *Amiens* was sweetly sung by Mr. Allen; and in "God save the Queen," and choruses, we had the powerful musical talents of Miss Romer, Miss P. Horton, Miss Gould, Mrs. Serle, H. Phillips, Stretton, and other popular vocalists. *Le Beau* was ably supported by Mr. Hudson, who was much applauded, and got his best applause from the mirth of the audience. *Orlando* was extremely well personated by Mr. Anderson, whose earnestness is always effective, and who, in his gay scenes, was equally successful. *Old Adam* found in Mr. Phelps almost as good a representative as the late Mr. Murray, who was perfection in the part. *Rosalind* is so much a creature for the imagination, that it is not wonderful critics should differ widely on the merits of her personator. Some require more archness, some more feeling, some more elegance; and so it is very difficult, if not impossible, to please all. To our judgment, Mrs. Nisbett was most at home in the livelier sallies—the Love-chase Constance characteristics—and perhaps rather too buoyant in these. We cannot fancy the rattle in *Rosalind*, though she is playful, witty, and humorous. Still, the whole is tinged with the deep tone of passionate love, and chastened by the inland breeding of a court. She is at heart nearer akin to *Jaques* than *Le Beau*. Wanting, therefore, some of the higher qualities of the heroine, Mrs. Nisbett nevertheless acquitted herself with much spirit, and contrived mightily to please the vast majority of the spectators. The *Celia* of Mrs. Stirling, in look and performance, was all that could be wished; and the only other female character that need be mentioned, the *Audrey*

of Mrs. Keeley, was inimitable. The lack-lustre inquisitive ignorance of her great lustrous eyes was superb: her thanking the gods for her foulness irresistibly laughable. We have seen other *Audreys*; we have seen Mrs. Gibbs, and there is a difference, yet we cannot but say that Mrs. Keeley entertained us as highly as we were ever entertained before. By some chance we have kept her *Touchstone* from his orderly place, to grace our finale. Keeley's *Clown* was rich in humour, though not the pure Shaksprian. This clown is of the class of fools or jesters who, under the mask of folly, practise the utmost shrewdness of observation and caustic bitingness of speech. There is nothing stolid about them; about Keeley there occasionally was, and by so much was the character depreciated, though it was impossible not to enjoy the blemish. Altogether, as these microscopic remarks may indicate, the play was admirably executed, and did honour to the opening of Drury Lane under the direction of Macready.

On Monday *Hamlet* drew another full house, as did the repetition of *As you like it* on Tuesday. On Wednesday, after Lord Byron's tragedy, *Marino Faliero*,—in which Macready was striking beyond description, and Miss Helen Faucit delicate and refined,—a new *petite comedy*, called *The Follies of a Night*, with all accessories of scenery and dress, was brought out; and introduced Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews in parts most happily written for them. The difficult situations into which the *dramatis personae* are thrown, and the tact with which they are extricated, would at once point the authorship to an old and favourite writer, lost sight of for some years before the scenes. The little piece was played excellently, and the full effect given to Planché's dialogue and epigrammatic snatches of song, by the Mathewses, Mr. Hudson, Miss Turpin, and Mr. Compton—the quaint and clever acting of the latter elicited peals of genuine laughter. After Madame, at the request of the audience, had curtsied across the stage, Mr. Mathews announced the piece for repetition amidst general applause.

Covent Garden.—On Saturday was brought out Rossini's opera of *Semiramide*, in which Miss A. Kemble, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Guibeleci, and Leffler, sustained the principal parts. It was splendidly got up; and the scenery, dresses, and decorations, in the highest style of dramatic accompaniment. The *Semiramide* of Miss A. Kemble was grand and impressive throughout; and her tragic acting worthy of the family whose name she still bears for the stage. Her singing was also powerful and brilliant; and she appeared to be inspired to her finest efforts by the presence of the *débutante* in *Arasce*, Mrs. A. Shaw. The competition was delightful: the seventh of Virgil's eclogues was made theatrical by it. Mrs. Shaw possesses one of the most melodious contraltos we ever heard; and this sweet quality of voice she manages with perfect ease, modulating every sound with the perfection of musical art. Her recitative is particularly excellent; but it is enough to state that in one night she firmly established herself in the foremost rank of public favourites. The duet between these two ladies, towards the close of the opera, was the finest piece, and deservedly encored. Guibeleci's parts in the opera were skillfully and effectively executed; and the performance altogether went off with great *éclat*. The house was full, and the applause tumultuous. Mr. Benedict led with great spirit: his baton flourished almost in *Julien* style.

On Tuesday night the theatre was again filled throughout to hear the same performances, and

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they were received with as general and well-merited applause. It is gratifying to see both the great houses thus conducted and thus prospering; with gentlemen at their head to whom the profession and the public can look with respect. We could wish that the alternate nights of the Opera were more attractive here, and hope that some worthy novelty may soon be produced to render them so; whilst the varied cycle of tragedy, comedy, light vaudeville, and farce, all played in the best manner, secure, as they now do, the mighty run of bumper to old Drury.

The Olympic Theatre opened on Tuesday evening for the representation of the quondam popular class of Olympic pieces, under the management of Mr. G. Wild. Sir E. Bulwer's *Pell-mell* furnished Mr. L. Rede with the materials for the first drama.

Mems. on the American Drama. — Abbott, Browne, the younger Chippendale, Miss Clifton, Hamblin, Booth, Forrest, Placide, and "Jim Crow" Rice, were all performing in New York in the middle of September. — J. H. Payne, author of the tragedy of *Brutus*, has been appointed consul of the United States for the city and kingdom of Tunis. — Signor de Begnis, now in New York, announces that he will there, in conjunction with Signor Antonini and Mr. Seguin, give series of Italian and English operas, assisted by Mrs. Seguin, Signora Mecovino Malone from London, Mad. Otto, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. C. E. Horn [late Miss Horton], Mr. C. E. Horn, Mr. Latham, Mr. Meyer, &c. It is added that De Begnis is in treaty with the celebrated artists, Mons. Nourri now in Canada, Signor Augusto Seudaino in Paris, Mr. Barker in London, and also Signori Strazza and Candi from Havanna. Mr. W. Penson would direct the orchestral and choral department. The intention was, if there were sufficient subscribers to cover the expense, to give fifteen operatic performances.

VARIETIES.

School of Design. — We are glad to see that Government have granted 300l. to found a school of design at Nottingham; and 150l. a year towards its support, in common with a like annual sum furnished by the town itself.

The King of Prussia's Address, on laying the foundation-stone of the building to complete the splendid cathedral at Cologne, on the 4th of September, is a document of such importance that we rejoice to see it published in a separate and appropriate form by Mr. Schloss, the ingenious concocitor of the fairy annual *Bijou*, which (by the by) is this year happily committed to the genius of Miss Mitford. The Address is on the face of a single sheet, in German on one side, and an English translation on the other. It is not only printed in ink, but in letters of gold; and in the latter style especially well deserves preservation, as the memoir of an event of rare and singular interest.

Capt. Basil Hall. — It is with infinite regret that we have to confirm the sad accounts in circulation respecting the very severe illness which has seized on Captain Basil Hall. His glowing and active mind has been too wearing a tenant for his body, and paralysis is the consequence: we earnestly hope and trust, only for a brief season; but it is melancholy to have so bright a sky so suddenly overcast.

James Ivory, Esq., K.H., LL.D., F.R.S., and member of the French Institute. This distinguished philosopher died on the 21st ult., at his residence in Hampstead. Though we do

not remember any separate publication of his, he was pre-eminent as a valuable contributor to the publications of scientific societies. His papers were on matters of the deepest and most abstruse character, and were acknowledged throughout Europe to be of the foremost order. Among them were—"A new series for the rectification of the ellipsis," in the *Edinburgh Scientific Transactions*, 1796; "The method of resolving cubic equations," 1805; "A new and universal solution of Kepler's problem;" "On the attractions of homogeneous ellipsoids," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1809; "On spheroidal attractions, and Laplace's doctrines respecting the same;" "A new method of deducing a first approximation to the orbit of a comet, from three geocentric observations;" solutions of several of the most curious and difficult mathematical problems; and, in short, the elucidation of many of the most intricate propositions which perplex the human brain.

Central America. — M. de Castelnau is stated, in *Galignani's Messenger*, to be about to start, under government auspices, to explore the interior of Central South America, from Rio Janeiro to Lima. Burchell's travels in that quarter will be in the recollection of our readers; but there are still vast tracts of interesting country to be visited and made known.

Oriental Research. — The *Moniteur* mentions the return to France, after twenty years' absence, of M. Diard, a distinguished pupil of Cuvier, who has brought home a treasure of curious objects for the Paris Museum, and a number of new plants from Java and elsewhere.

French Periodicals. — Periodical publication has increased to a remarkable extent in Paris within the last thirty years. From fewer than fifty in 1812, there are now (according to *La Presse*) 493, including 35 daily, 95 weekly, and 218 monthly. The rest are enumerated as—quarterly, 8 thrice a week, 31 twice a week, 8 three times a month, 4 six times a week, 2 every second day, 3 every fifth day, 2 every tenth day, 1 every half year, and 4 at irregular intervals. The prices vary from 120 fr. to $\frac{1}{2}$ fr. per annum. 15 are devoted to religion (6 Protestant, 1 Israelite), 29 to jurisprudence, 27 to medical subjects, 14 to natural science, 22 to fashion, 4 to naval subjects, 10 to the drama, 4 to philosophy, 5 to moral subjects, 19 to matters of administration, 28 to education, 37 to literature, 1 to freemasonry, 28 to advertisements, 18 to agriculture and horticulture, 10 to the book-trade, 4 to mathematics, 4 to manufactures, 33 to trade, and 14 to music. [Mechanics not mentioned in the list!]

Musk. — From the first of a series of articles on the drugs of the Russian trade, by Dr. F. Goebel, in the *Annals of Chemistry*, we derive the following:—In trade, two distinct species of musk are known; musk comprising the Chinese, Tonquin, Thibetian, or Oriental musk; and musk which includes the Siberian, Cabardinian, or Russian musk. These two varieties differ materially, both in the external appearance of the bag and colour of the hair which covers it, as well as in their chemical and physical properties, and different effects on the human constitution. From the facts: 1st, that the Russian musk is always sold in perfect bags, and exported in considerable quantities to China and to London; 2d, that from China to Russia no direct exportation of musk takes place; 3d, that the Chinese musk can only be obtained *via* London; 4th, that the Chinese bags never arrive unopened; 5th, that it appears most undoubtedly that the mass has been taken out and replaced; 6th, that the external

appearance of the bags proves sufficiently that they have undergone artificial treatment; 7th, that frequently the secretion apart from the bag is imported from China, leading to the inference that a sufficient number of bags cannot be obtained wherein to put the quantity increased by adulteration. Dr. Goebel is of opinion that the distinctly marked difference of the Chinese from the Russian musk, if not wholly, is, at any rate, chiefly, caused by the treatment which it undergoes in China; and therefore that Chinese musk is the natural product modified by artificial means.

Ceylon. — The following affords proofs of the planters' profits, plainly a pretty considerable per centage, and promising a princely property. Cost of land, clearing, stocking, &c., recovered in little more than three years! — "The O... estate was commenced in 1837; extent of forest, 1892 acres.

	Cr.
Total expenditure up to 31st Dec., 1841, including purchase of forest, planting 309 acres, stores, machinery, &c.	£139. Sale of seed and 42 bags of coffee 112 18 6¾
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£6938 7 3½	1841. Estimated value of 2000 cwt. shipped 8000 0 0
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Printed by Charles Robson, of Mada College, Cowley Road, North Brixton, George Leyce, of Number 1 Clarendon Terrace, Camberwell New Town, both in the County of Surrey, and by the Author, at 10, King Street, St. Paul's, Royal Exchange, in the City of London; and published by William Arnold, Printer of the *Literary Gazette*, of Number 15 South Molton Street, in the Parish of Saint George, and of the *Advertiser of the County of Middlesex*, at the Literary Gazette Office, Number 1 Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, in the said County, on Saturday, Oct. 8, 1842.

Agents for New York,—Wiley and Putnam, 151 Broadway.